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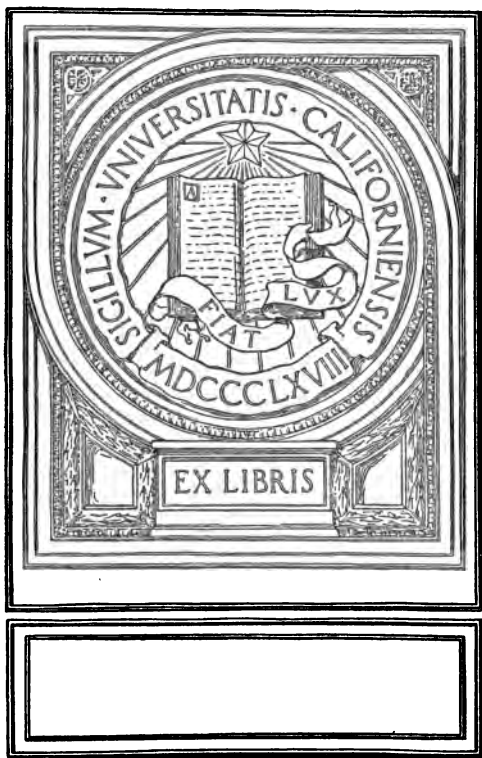
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II.

POEMATA ET INSCRIPTIONES.

NOVIS AUXIT

SAVAGIUS LANDOR.

---

EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.



## HELLENICS.





**THE**

**HELLENICS**

**OF**

**WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,**

**ENLARGED AND COMPLETED.**

**LONDON:**  
**EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.**

**MDCCCXLVII.**

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TO

## POPE PIUS IX.

NEVER UNTIL NOW, MOST HOLY FATHER! DID I HOPE OR DESIRE TO OFFER MY HOMAGE TO ANY POTENTATE ON EARTH; AND NOW I OFFER IT ONLY TO THE HIGHEST OF THEM ALL.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE CULTIVATORS OF LITERATURE WERE PERMITTED AND EXPECTED TO BRING THE FRUIT OF THEIR LABOUR TO THE VATICAN. NOT ONLY WAS INCENSE WELCOME THERE, BUT EVEN THE HUMBLEST PRODUCE OF THE POOREST SOIL.

VERBENAM, PUERI, PONITE THURAUQUE.

IF THOSE BETTER DAYS ARE RETURNING, WITHOUT WHAT WAS BAD OR EXCEPTIONABLE IN THEM, THE GLORY IS DUE ENTIRELY TO YOUR HOLINESS. YOU HAVE RESTORED TO ITALY HOPE AND HAPPINESS; TO THE REST OF THE WORLD HOPE ONLY. BUT A SINGLE WORD FROM YOUR PROPHETIC LIPS, A SINGLE MOTION OF YOUR EARTH-EMBRACING ARM, WILL OVERTURN THE FIRMEST SEATS OF INIQUITY AND OPPRESSION. THE WORD MUST BE SPOKEN; THE ARM MUST WAVE. WHAT DO WE SEE BEFORE US? IF WE TAKE THE BEST OF RULERS UNDER OUR SURVEY, WE FIND SELFISHNESS AND FRIVOLITY: IF WE EXTEND THE VIEW, INGRATITUDE, DISREGARD OF HONOUR, CONTEMPT OF HONESTY, BREACH OF PROMISES: ONE STEP YET BEYOND, AND THERE IS COLD-BLOODED IDIOCY, STABBING THE NOBLES AT HOME, SPURNING THE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, AND VOIDING ITS CORROSIVE SLAVER IN THE FAIR FACE OF ITALY. IT IS BETTER TO LOOK NO FARTHER, ELSE OUR EYES MUST BE RIVETED ON FROZEN

M275638

SEAS OF BLOOD SUPERFUSED WITH BLOOD FRESH FLOWING. THE SAME FEROCIOUS ANIMAL LEAVES THE IMPRESSION OF ITS BROAD AND HEAVY FOOT ON THE SNOW OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE AND OF THE CAUCASUS. AND IS THIS INDEED ALL THAT EUROPE HAS BROUGHT FORTH, AFTER SUCH LONG AND PAINFUL THROES? HAS SHE ENDURED HER MARATS, HER ROBESPIERRES, HER BUONAPARTES, FOR THIS? GOD INFLICTED ON THE LATTER OF THESE WRETCHES HIS TWO GREATEST CURSES; UNCONTROLLED POWER AND PERVERTED INTELLECT; AND THEY WERE TWISTED TOGETHER TO MAKE A SCOURGE FOR A NATION WHICH REVELLED IN EVERY CRIME, BUT ABOVE ALL IN CRUELTY. IT WAS INSUFFICIENT. SHE IS NOW UNDERGOING FROM A WEAKER HAND A MORE IGNOMINIOUS PUNISHMENT, PURSUED BY THE DERISION OF EUROPE. TO SAVE HER HONOUR, SHE PRETENDED TO ADMIRE THE COURAGE THAT DECIMATED HER CHILDREN: TO SAVE HER HONOUR, SHE NOW PRETENDS TO ADMIRE THE WISDOM THAT IMPRISONS THEM. CUNNING IS NOT WISDOM; PREVARICATION IS NOT POLICY; AND (NOVEL AS THE NOTION IS, IT IS EQUALLY TRUE) ARMIES ARE NOT STRENGTH: ACRE AND WATERLOO SHOW IT, AND THE FLAMES OF THE KREMLIN AND THE SOLITUDES OF FONTAINEBLEAU. ONE HONEST MAN, ONE WISE MAN, ONE PEACEFUL MAN, COMMANDS A HUNDRED MILLIONS, WITHOUT A BATON AND WITHOUT A CHARGER. HE WANTS NO FORTRESS TO PROTECT HIM: HE STANDS HIGHER THAN ANY CITADEL CAN RAISE HIM, BRIGHTLY CONSPICUOUS TO THE MOST DISTANT NATIONS, GOD'S SERVANT BY ELECTION, GOD'S IMAGE BY BENEFICENCE.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

It is hardly to be expected that ladies and gentlemen will leave on a sudden their daily promenade, skirted by Turks and shepherds and knights and plumes and palfreys, of the finest Tunbridge manufacture, to look at these rude frescoes, delineated on an old wall high up, and sadly weak in coloring. As in duty bound, we can wait. The reader (if there should be one) will remember that Sculpture and Painting have never ceased to be occupied with the scenes and figures which we venture once more to introduce in poetry, it being our belief that what is becoming in two of the Fine Arts is not quite unbecoming in a third, the one which indeed gave birth to them.

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## HELLENICS.

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### I. THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE.

Who will away to Athens with me ? who  
Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers,  
Unenvious ? mount the pinnace ; hoist the sail.  
I promise ye, as many as are here,  
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste  
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine  
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,  
But such as anciently the Ægean isles  
Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts :  
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost  
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,  
But such as Gods have lived with and have led.



The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail  
Plays yonder ? what pursues it ? Like two hawks  
Away they fly. Let us away in time  
To overtake them. Are they menaces  
We hear ? And shall the strong repulse the weak,  
Enraged at her defender ? Hippias !  
Art thou the man ? 'Twas Hippias. He had found  
His sister borne from the Cecropian port  
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly ?  
Ask, ask the maiden ; I have no reply.

“ Brother ! O brother Hippias ! O, if love,  
If pity, ever toucht thy breast, forbear !  
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,  
My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone  
Protecting his own head and mine from harm.”  
“ Didst thou not once before,” cried Hippias,  
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath  
At Thrasymedes, “ didst not thou, dog-eyed,  
Dare, as she walkt up to the Parthenon,  
On the most holy of all holy days,  
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss  
Her maiden cheek ? ”

“ Ay, before all the Gods,  
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,  
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Herà,  
I dared ; and dare again. Arise, my spouse !  
Arise ! and let my lips quaff purity  
From thy fair open brow.”

The sword was up,  
And yet he kist her twice. Some God withheld  
The arm of Hippias ; his proud blood seeth'd slower  
And smote his breast less angrily ; he laid  
His hand on the white shoulder, and spake thus.  
“ Ye must return with me. A second time  
Offended, will our sire Peisistratos  
Pardon the affront ? Thou shouldst have askt thyself  
This question ere the sail first flapt the mast.”  
“ Already thou hast taken life from me ;  
Put up thy sword,” said the sad youth, his eyes  
Sparkling ; but whether love or rage or grief  
They sparkled with, the Gods alone could see.  
Peiræus they re-entered, and their ship  
Drove up the little waves against the quay,  
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,

And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist  
Her lover dropt his arm, and blusht to think  
He had retain'd it there in sight of rude  
Irreverent men : he led her forth, nor spake.  
Hippias walkt silent too, until they reacht  
The mansion of Peisistratos her sire.  
Serenely in his sternness did the prince  
Look on them both awhile : they saw not him,  
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.  
" Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son ? "  
Said he. " Worse, father ! worse than pirates they,  
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse  
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites  
Twice over."

                  " Well hast thou performed thy duty,"  
Firmly and gravely said Pæisistratos.  
" Nothing then, rash young man ! could turn thy heart  
From Eunœe, my daughter ? "

                                  " Nothing, sir,  
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once  
And love but once. O Eunœe ! farewell ! "  
" Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her."

“ O father ! shut me in my chamber, shut me  
In my poor mother’s tomb, dead or alive,  
But never let me see what he can bear ;  
I know how much that is, when borne for me.”  
“ Not yet : come on. And lag not thou behind,  
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts !  
Before the people and before the Goddess  
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,  
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness,  
To poverty and exile, this my child.”  
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaim’d,  
“ I see my crime : I saw it not before.  
The daughter of Peisistratos was born  
Neither for exile nor for poverty,  
Ah ! nor for me ! ” He would have wept, but one  
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved  
Strode on, and said, “ To-morrow shall the people,  
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold  
The justice of Peisistratos, the love  
He bears his daughter, and the reverence  
In which he holds the highest law of God.”  
He spake ; and on the morrow they were one.

## II. DRIMACOS.

In Crete reign'd Zeus and Minos ; and there sprang  
From rocky Chios (but more years between)

Homer. Ah ! who near Homer's side shall stand ?

A slave, a slave shall stand near Homer's side.

Come from dark ages forth, come, Drimacos !

O gems of Ocean, shining here and there

Upon his vest of ever-changeful green,

Richer are ye than wide-spread continents,

Richer in thoughtful men and glorious deeds.

Drimacos was a slave ; but Liberty

By him from Slavery sprang, as day from night.

Intolerable servitude o'erran

The isle of Chios. They whose sires had heard

The blind man, and the muse who sat beside,

- Constant, as was the daughter to the king

Of Thebes, and comforting his sunless way,

Yea, even these bore stones within their breasts,

Buying by land or capturing by sea,

And torturing limbs fashioned like their own,

Limbs like the Gods' they all fell down before.

But Zeus had from Olympus lookt oblique,  
Then breath'd into the breasts of suffering slaves  
Heroic courage and heroic strength,  
And wisdom for their guidance and support.  
Drimacos he appointed to coerce  
The pride of the enslaver, and to free  
All those who labored and were heavy-laden  
With griefs, not even by the avenging Gods  
Inflicted, wrongs which men alone inflict  
On others, when their vices have scoopt out  
A yoke far more opprobrious for themselves.  
From field to field the clang of arms was heard ;  
Fires from the rocks and the hill-tops by night  
Collected all the valiant, all the young,  
Female and male, stripling and suckling babe,  
By mother (then most fond) not left behind.  
But many were o'ertaken ; many dropt  
Faint by the road ; thirst, hunger, terror, seiz'd  
Separate their prey. Among the fugitives,  
In the most crowded and the narrowest path  
That led into the thickets on the hill,  
Was Amymonè with her infant boy,

Eiarinos. She pray'd the Gods, nor pray'd  
Inaudible, although her voice had fail'd.  
On Drimacos she call'd by name ; he heard  
The voice ; he turn'd his head, and cried aloud :  
“ Comrades ! take up yon infant from the arms  
That sink with it ; and help the mother on.”  
Far in advance was he ; all urged amain ;  
All minded their own household, nor obey'd.  
But he rusht back amid them till he reacht  
The mother, who had fallen under-foot,  
Trampled, but not relinquishing her hold.  
Scarcely was space to stoop in, yet he stoopt  
And rais'd what feebly wail'd among men's legs,  
And placed it on his head, that the fresh air  
Might solace it : soon it began to play,  
To pat the hair of some, of some the eyes,  
Unconscious that its mother's soul had fled.  
The dust rose lower, for the sultry day  
Was closing, and above shone Hesperus  
Alone. On mossy banks within the brake  
The men threw down their weapons snatcht in haste,  
Impenetrable woods received their flight,

And shelter'd and conceal'd them from pursuit.  
There many years they dwelt ; nor only there,  
But also in the plains and in the towns  
Fought they, and overthrew the wealthier race,  
And drove their cattle off and reapt their grain.  
Drimacos, strong in justice, strong in arms,  
Prompt, vigilant, was everywhere obey'd.  
He proffer'd the proud Chiots, half-subdued,  
Repression of invaders, in return  
For their repression of invaders too,  
And corn and wine and oil enough for all,  
And horned victims to avenger Zeus.  
But plenteousness and sloth relaxt his hold  
Upon a few, men yearning to partake  
The vices of a city : murmurs rose  
And reacht the ear of Drimacos, and reacht  
The wealthy towns and their impatient lords.  
Rewards were offered for the leader's head,  
And askt perhaps ere offered. When he found  
Ingratitude so nigh and so alert,  
He listened calmly to the chiefs around,  
His firm defenders ; then replied :



“ My friends !

Already in the days of youth ye watcht  
Over the common-weal, but now your eyes  
And mine too want repose. Fear not for me,  
But guard yourselves. The Gods who placed me here  
Call *me* away, not you.”

They heard, and went,  
Sorrowing. Then call'd he unto him the youth  
Eiarinos, who two whole years had fought  
Beside him, and fought well.

“ Eiarinos !

I may have saved thy life ('tis said I did)  
In infancy : it now behoves me, boy,  
To give thee substance such as parents give.  
Alas ! 'tis wanting : nought is in the house  
Save arms, as thou well knowest ; but those men  
Who left me now, had talkt with thee before,  
And there are marks along thy cheek which tears  
Leave upon maiden's cheeks, not upon men's.

Eiarinos spake not, but threw his arms  
Around his guardian's neck and shook with grief.  
“ Thou shalt not be quite destitute, my son ! ”

Said he, "Thou knowest what reward awaits  
Him who shall bring my head within the town.  
Here! strike! let never traitor grasp the gold."  
Forward he held the hilt and lowered his brow.  
"Bequeathest thou to parricidal hand,  
O father! that accursed gold?" cried he,  
And ran against the portal, blind with tears.  
But the calm man now caught his arm, and said,  
"Delay may bring on both what comes for one.  
Inevitable is my death: at least  
Promise me this one thing, Eiarinos,  
And I release thee: swear that, when I die,  
Thou wilt, against all adversaries, bear  
My head to those who seek it, pledge of peace."  
Calmer, but sobbing deep, the youth replied,  
"When Zeus the liberator shall appoint  
The pastor of the people to depart,  
His will be done! if such be his and thine."  
He lowered his eyes in reverence to the earth;  
And Drimacos then smote into his breast  
The unaccepted sword. The pious youth  
Fell overpowered with anguish, nor arose

Until the elders, who had gone, return'd.  
They comforted the orphan, and implored  
He would perform the duty thus enjoined.  
Nor Muse, nor Memory her mother, knows  
The sequel : but upon the highest peak  
Of Chios is an altar of square stone  
Roughened by time, and some believe they trace  
In ancient letters, cubit-long, the words  
*Drimacos* and *Eiarinos* and *Zeus*.

### III. THERON AND ZOE.

*Zoe*. Changed ? very true, O Theron, I am changed.

*Theron*. It would at least have been as merciful  
To hold a moment back from me the briar  
You let recoil thus sharply on my breast.  
Not long ago, not very long, you own'd  
With maiden blushes, which became your brow  
Better than corn-flower, or that periwinkle  
Train'd round it by a very careful hand,  
A long while trimming it (no doubt) and proud  
Of making its blue blossom laugh at me.

*Zoe.* I could laugh too. What did I own? It seems  
(It was so little) you have quite forgot.

*Theron.* That, since we sate together day by day,  
And walkt together, sang together, none  
Of earliest, gentlest, fondest, maiden friends  
Loved you as formerly. If one remained  
Dearer to you than any of the rest,  
You could not wish her greater happiness . .

*Zoe.* Than what?

*Theron.* I think you never could have said it . .  
I must have dreamt it . .

*Zoe.* Tell me then your dream.

*Theron.* I thought you said . . nay, I will swear you  
said . .

More than one heard it . . that you could not wish  
The nearest to your heart more perfect joy  
Than Theron's love.

*Zoe.* Did I?

*Theron.* The Gods in heaven  
Are witnesses, no less than woodland Gods,  
That you did say it. O how changed! no word,  
No look, for Theron now!

*Zoe.* Girls often say  
More than they mean : men always do.

*Theron.* *By Pan !*

Who punishes with restless nights the false,  
Hurling the sleeper down the precipice  
Into the roaring gulph, or letting loose  
Hounds, wolves, and tigers after him, his legs  
Meanwhile tied not quite close, but just apart,  
In withy bands . . by him I swear, my tongue,  
Zoe ! can never utter half my love.  
Retract not one fond word.

*Zoe.* I must retract  
The whole of those.

*Theron.* And leave me most unblest !

**Zoe.** I know not.

*Theron.* Heed not, rather say. Farewell.

*Zoe.* Farewell. I will not call you back again.  
Go, Theron ! hatred soon will sear your wound.

*Theron.* Falsehood I hate : I can not hate the false.

**Zoe.** Never ? Then scorn her.

*Theron.* I can scorn myself,

And will ; for others are preferr'd to me ;  
The untried to the tried.

*Zoe.* You said farewell.

*Theron.* Again I say it.

*Zoe.* Now I can believe  
That you, repeating it, indeed are gone.  
Yet seem you standing where you stood before.  
Hath Pan done this? Pan, who doth such strange  
things.

*Theron.* Laugh me to scorn : derision I deserve :  
But let that smile . . O let it be less sweet !  
Sorrowful let me part, but not insane.

*Zoe.* I know some words that charm insanity  
Before it can take hold.

*Theron.* Speak them ; for now  
Are they most wanted.

*Zoe.* I did say, 'tis true,  
If on this solid earth friend dear enough  
Remain'd to me, that Theron is the youth  
I would desire to bless her.

*Theron.* To avoid  
My importunity ; to hear no more

The broken words that spoilt our mutual song,  
The sobs that choakt my flute, the humidity  
(Not from the lip) that gurgled on the stops.

*Zoe.* I would avoid them all ; they troubled me.

*Theron.* Now then, farewell.

*Zoe.* I will do all the harm

I can to any girl who hopes to love you ;  
Nor shall you have her.

*Theron.* Vain and idle threat !

*Zoe.* So, Theron ! you would love then once again ?

*Theron.* Never ; were love as possible and easy . . .

*Zoe.* As what ?

*Theron.* As death.

*Zoe.* O Theron ! once indeed

I said the words which then so flatter'd you,  
And now so pain you. Long before my friends  
Left me through envy of your fondness for me,  
No, not the dearest of them could I bear  
To see beloved by you. False words I spake,  
Not knowing then how false they were.

*Theron.* Speak now

One that shall drown them all.

*Zoe.*

My voice is gone.

Why did you kiss me, if you wisht to hear it ?

## IV. TO CORINTH.

Queen of the double sea, beloved of him  
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen  
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms ;  
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left  
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,  
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,  
So high that vastest billows from above  
Show but like herbage waving in the mead ;  
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,  
And pass away ; the beautiful, the brave,  
And them who sang their praises. But, O Queen,  
Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,  
As when they first were utter'd, are those words  
Divine which praised the valiant and the just ;  
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge  
So perilous, him who brought before his eye  
The Colchian babes. "Stay ! spare him ! save the  
last !



Medea ! Is that blood ? again ! it drops  
From my imploring hand upon my feet !  
I will invoke the Eumenides no more,  
I will forgive thee, bless thee, bend to thee  
In all thy wishes, do but thou, Medea,  
Tell me, one lives." " And shall I too deceive ? "  
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice ;  
And swifter than two falling stars descend  
Two breathless bodies ; warm, soft, motionless,  
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,  
They lie three paces from him : such they lie  
As when he left them sleeping side by side,  
A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks  
Between them, flusht with happiness and love.  
He was more changed than they were, doomed to show  
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarr'd  
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,  
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.

To give the inertest masses of our earth  
Her loveliest forms, was thine ; to fix the Gods  
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round  
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.

A nobler work remains : thy citadel  
 Invites all Greece : o'er lands and floods remote  
 Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee :  
 Confide then in thy strength, and unappall'd  
 Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings  
 Run bellowing where their herdsmen goad them on.  
 Instinct is sharp in them and terror true,  
 They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

V. LYSANDER, ALCANOR, PHANÖE.

*Lysander.* Art thou grown hoarse by sitting in the sun  
 Of early spring, when winds come down adrift  
 To punish them they find asleep at noon ?

*Alcanor.* Hoarse I am not, but I am tired of song,  
 Therefore do I retire, where, without pipe,  
 The goat-foot God brought all the nymphs to sit  
 Half-way up Mænalos. If she I love  
 Will follow me, I swear to thee by him,  
 Bitter to those who slight him or forswear,  
 Thou shalt hear something sweet, do thou but stay.

*Lysander.* Lysander well can stay, do thou but sing.

*Alcanor.* But not unless a Nymph or Nymph-like maid  
Will listen.

*Lysander.* Here comes Phanöe. Thou art pale.  
Sing : Phanöe ! bid him sing.

*Phanöe.* By Artemis !  
I bade him never more repeat my name,  
And if he disobeys me . . .

*Lysander.* Hush ! 'twere ill  
To call down vengeance upon those who love :  
And he hath sworn by Pan that he will sing  
If thou wilt follow him up Mænalos.

*Phanöe.* He may snatch off my slipper while I kneel  
To Pan, upon the stone so worn aslant  
That it is difficult to kneel upon  
Without my leaving half a slipper loose.  
Little cares he for Pan : he scarcely fears  
That other, powerfuller and terribler,  
To whom more crowns are offered than to Zeus,  
Or any God beside, and oftener changed.  
In spring we garland him with pointed flowers,  
Anemone and crocus and jonquil,  
And tender hyacinth in clustering curls ;

Then with sweet-breathing mountain strawberry ;  
 Then pear and apple blossom, promising  
 (If he is good) to bring the fruit full-ripe,  
 Hanging it round about his brow, his nose,  
 Down even to his lips. When autumn comes,  
 His russet vine-wreath crackles under grapes :  
 Some trim his neck with barley, wheat, and oat ;  
 Some twine his naked waist with them : and last  
 His reverend head is seen and worshipt through  
 Stiff narrow olive-leaves, that last till spring.  
 Say, ought I not to fear so wild a boy,  
 Who fears not even *him* ! but once has tried  
 By force to make me pat him, after prayers ?  
 How fierce then lookt the God ! and from above  
 How the club reddened, as athirst for blood !  
 Yet, fearing and suspecting the audacious,  
 Up Mænalos I must, for there my herd  
 Is browsing on the thorn and citisus  
 At random.

*Lysander.* He hath not endured thy frown,  
 But hurries off.

*Phanöe.* And let him.

*Lysander.*

Captious Pan

On one or other may look evil-eyed.

*Phanœ.* I mind my Goddess, let him mind his God.

Away she went, and as she went she sang.

Brief cries were heard ere long, faint and more faint.

Pan ! was it thou ? was it thou, Artemis ?

Frolicsome kids and hard goats glassy-eyed

Alone could tell the story, had they speech.

The maiden came not back : but, after rites

Due to the goat-foot God, the pious youth

Piped shrilly forth and shook off all his woe.

#### VI. HYPERBION.

Hyperbion was among the chosen few

Of Phœbus ; and men honored him awhile,

Honoring in him the God. But others sang

As loudly ; and the boys as loudly cheer'd.

Hyperbion (more than bard should be) was wroth,

And thus he spake to Phœbus : “ Hearest thou,

O Phœbus ! the rude rabble from the field,

Who swear that they have known thee ever since  
Thou feddest for Admetus his white bull ? ”  
“ I hear them,” said the God. “ Seize thou the first,  
And haul him up above the heads of men,  
And thou shalt hear them shout for thee as pleas’d.”  
Headstrong and proud Hyperbion was : the crown  
Of laurel on it badly cool’d his brow :  
So, when he heard them singing at his gate,  
While some with flints cut there the rival’s name,  
Rushing he seized the songster at their head :  
The songster kickt and struggled hard, in vain.  
Hyperbion claspt him round with arm robust,  
And with the left a hempen rope uncoil’d,  
Whereon already was a noose : it held  
The calf until its mother’s teat was drawn  
At morn and eve ; and both were now afield.  
With all his strength he pull’d the wretch along,  
And haul’d him up a pine-tree, where he died.  
But one night, not long after, in his sleep  
He saw the songster : then did he beseech  
Apollo to enlighten him, if perchance  
In what he did he had done aught amiss.

“Thou hast done well, Hyperbion !” said the God,  
“As I did also to one Marsyas  
Some years ere thou wert born : but better ’twere  
If thou hadst understood my words aright,  
For those around may harm thee, and assign  
As reason that thou wentest past the law.  
My meaning was that thou shouldst hold him up  
In the high places of thy mind, and show  
Thyself the greater by enduring him.”  
Downcast Hyperbion stood : but Phœbus said  
“Be of good cheer, Hyperbion ! if the rope  
Is not so frayed but it may hold thy calf,  
The greatest harm is, that, by hauling him,  
Thou hast chafed, sorely, sorely, that old pine ;  
And pine-tree bark will never close again.”

#### VII. ICARIOS AND ERIGONÈ.

Improvident were once the Attic youths,  
As (if we may believe the credulous  
And testy) various youths have been elsewhere.  
But truly such was their improvidence,

Ere Pallas in compassion was their guide,  
They never stowed away the fruits of earth  
For winter use ; nor knew they how to press  
Olive or grape : yet hospitality  
Sate at the hearth, and there was mirth and song.  
Wealthy and generous in the Attic land,  
Icarios ! wert thou ; and Erigonè,  
Thy daughter, gave with hearty glee the milk,  
Buzzing in froth beneath unsteddy goat,  
To many who stopt near her ; some for thirst,  
And some to see upon its back that hand  
So white and small and taper, and await  
Until she should arise and show her face.  
The father wisht her not to leave his house,  
Nor she to leave her father ; yet there sued  
From all the country round both brave and rich.  
Some, nor the wealthier of her wooers, drove  
Full fifty slant-brow'd kingly-hearted swine,  
Reluctant ever to be led aright,  
Race autocratical, autochthon race,  
Lords of the woods, fed by the tree of Jove.  
Some had three ploughs ; some had eight oxen ; some



Had vines, on oak, on maple, and on elm,  
In long and straight and gleamy avenues,  
Which would have tired you had you reacht the end  
Without the unshapen steps that led beyond  
Up the steep hill to where they lean'd on poles.  
Yet kind the father was, and kind the maid.  
And now when winter blew the chaff about,  
And hens pursued the grain into the house,  
Quarrelsome and indignant at repulse,  
And rushing back again with ruffled neck,  
They and their brood ; and kids blinkt at the brand,  
And bee-nosed oxen with damp nostrils, lowered  
Against the threshold, stampt the dogs away ;  
Icaros, viewing these with thoughtful mind,  
Said to Erigonè, " Not scantily  
The Gods have given us these birds and these  
Short-bleating kids, and these loose-hided steers.  
The Gods have given : to them will we devote  
A portion of their benefits, and bid  
The youths who love and honor us partake :  
So shall their hearts, and so shall ours, rejoice."  
The youths were bidden to the feast : the flesh

Of kid and crested bird was plentiful ;  
The steam hung on the rafters, where were nail'd  
Bushes of savory herbs, and figs and dates ;  
And yellow-pointed pears sent down long stalks  
Through nets wide-mesht, work of Erigonè  
When night was long and lamp yet unsupplied.  
Choice grapes Icarios had ; and these, alone  
Of all men in the country, he preserv'd  
For festive days ; nor better day than this  
To bring them from beneath his reed-thatcht roof.  
He mounted the twelve stairs with hearty pride,  
And soon was heard he, breathing hard : he now  
Descended, holding in both arms a cask,  
Fictile, capacious, bulging : cork-tree bark  
Secured the treasure ; wax above the mouth,  
And pitch above the wax. The pitch he brake,  
The wax he scraped away, and laid them by.  
Wrenching up carefully the cork-tree bark,  
A hum was heard. " What ! are there bees within ? "  
Euphorbas cried. " They came then with the grapes,"  
Replied the elder, and pour'd out clear juice  
Fragrant as flowers, and wrinkled husks anon.

“ The ghosts of grapes ! ” cried Phanor, fond of jokes  
Within the house, but ever abstinent  
Of such as that in woodland and alone,  
Where any sylvan God might overhear.  
No few were sadden'd at the ill-omen'd word,  
But sniffing the sweet odour, bent their heads,  
Tasted, sipt, drank, ingurgitated : fear  
Flew from them all, joy rusht to every breast,  
Friendship grew warmer, hands were join'd, vows sworn.  
From cups of every size, from cups two-ear'd,  
From ivy-twisted and from smooth alike,  
They dash the water, they pour in the wine,  
(For wine it was) until that hour unseen.  
They emptied the whole cask, and they alone ;  
For both the father and the daughter sate  
Enjoying their delight. But when they saw  
Flusht faces, and when angry words arose  
As one more fondly glanced against the cheek  
Of the fair maiden on her seat apart,  
And she lookt down, or lookt another way  
Where other eyes caught hers, and did the like,  
Sadly the sire, the daughter fearfully,

Upon each other fixt wide-open eyes.  
This did the men remark, and, bearing signs  
Different, as were their tempers, of the wine,  
But feeling each the floor reel under him,  
Each raging with more thirst at every draught,  
Acator first (sidelong his step) arose,  
Then Phanor, then Antyllos :

“ Zeus above

Confound thee, cursed wretch !” aloud they cried,  
“ Is this thy hospitality ? must all  
Who love thy daughter perish at a blow ?  
Not at a blow, but like the flies and wasps.”  
Madness had seiz’d them all. Erigonè  
Ran out for help : what help ? Before her sprang  
Moera, and howl’d and barkt, and then return’d,  
Presaging. They had dragg’d the old man out  
And murder’d him. Again flew Moera forth,  
Faithful, compassionate, and seized her vest,  
And drew her where the body lay, unclosed  
The eyes, and rais’d toward the stars of heaven.

Raise thine, for thou hast heard enough, raise thine

And view Böotes bright among those stars,  
Brighter the Virgin : Mæra too shines there.  
But where were the Eumenides ? Repress  
Thy anger. If the clear calm stars above  
Appease it not, and blood must flow for blood,  
Listen, and hear the sequel of the tale.  
Wide-seeing Zeus lookt down ; as mortals knew  
By the woods bending under his dark eye,  
And huge towers shuddering on the mountain-top,  
And stillness in the valley, in the wold,  
And over the deep waters all round earth.  
He lifted up his arm, but struck them not  
In their abasement : by each other's blow  
They fell ; some suddenly ; but more beneath  
The desperate gasp of long-enduring wounds.

#### VIII. THE HAMADRYAD.

Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom  
Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,  
And small are the white-crested that play near,  
And smaller onward are the purple waves.

Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd  
With rose and myrtle if they were inborn ;  
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast  
Where stern Athenè rais'd her citadel,  
Then olive was entwined with violets  
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large ;  
For various men wore various coronals,  
But one was their devotion ; 'twas to her  
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws  
The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,  
And whom in his chill caves the mutable  
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king reveres,  
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd  
To turn in pity the averted cheek  
Of her he bore away, with promises,  
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself,  
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers  
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's door  
At the long trains that hastened to the town  
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets  
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,

And thought it hard he might not also go  
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,  
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in  
And said, " Son Rhaicos ! those are idle games ;  
Long enough I have lived to find them so."  
And here he ended, sighing . . as old men do  
Always, to think how idle such games are.  
" I have not yet " thought Rhaicos in his heart,  
And wanted proof.

" Suppose thou go and help  
Echion at the hill, to bark yon oak  
And lop its branches off, before we delve  
About the trunk and ply the root with axe :  
This we may do in winter."

Rhaicos went ;

For thence he could see farther, and see more  
Of those who hurried to the city-gate.  
Echion he found there, with naked arm  
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent  
Upon the place where first the axe should fall :  
He held it upright. " There are bees about,  
Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld,

“ Look sharp, O son of Thallinos ! ” The youth  
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,  
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz  
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,  
And then divided into what seem'd tune,  
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.  
He turn'd, and said, “ Echion ! do not strike  
That tree : it must be hollow ; for some God  
Speaks from within. Come thyself near.” Again  
Both turn'd toward it : and behold ! there sat  
Upon the moss below, with her two palms  
Pressing it, on each side, a maid in form.  
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale  
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd  
Berries of colour like her lip so pure,  
Nor were the anemones about her hair  
Soft, smooth, and wavering like the face beneath.

“ What dost thou here ? ” Echion, half-afraid,  
Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes,  
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step  
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,  
But not such fear : he panted, gaspt, drew in



His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,  
But could not into one.

“ O send away  
That sad old man ! ” said she. The old man went  
Without a warning from his master's son,  
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,  
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

*Ham.* And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent  
Of blood ? no vow demands it ; no God wills  
The oak to bleed.

*Rhaicos.* Who art thou ? whence ? why here ?  
And whither wouldst thou go ? Among the robed  
In white or saffron, or the hue that most  
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none  
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful  
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,  
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,  
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,  
As, toucht by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs  
Of graceful platan by the river-side.

*Hamadryad.* Lovest thou well thy father's house ?

*Rhaicos.*

Indeed

I love it, well I love it, yet would leave  
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,  
With all the marks upon the door, that show  
My growth at every birth-day since the third,  
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,  
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,  
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)  
Won in my race last spring from Eutychos.

*Hamadryad.* Bethink thee what it is to leave a home  
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

*Rhaicos.* No, 'tis not hard to leave it ; 'tis not hard  
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home,  
If there be one on earth whom we may love  
First, last, for ever ; one who says that she  
Will love for ever too. To say which word,  
Only to say it, surely is enough . .  
It shows such kindness . . if 'twere possible  
We at the moment think she would indeed.

*Hamadryad.* Who taught thee all this folly at thy age ?

*Rhaicos.* I have seen lovers and have learnt to love.

*Hamadryad.* But wilt thou spare the tree ?

*Rhaicos.*

My father wants

The bark ; the tree may hold its place awhile.

*Ham.* Awhile ? thy father numbers then my days ?

*Rhaicos.* Are there no others where the moss beneath  
Is quite as tufty ? Who would send thee forth  
Or ask thee why thou tarriest ? Is thy flock  
Anywhere near ?

*Hamadryad.* I have no flock : I kill  
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,  
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful  
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source  
Whence springs all beauty ? Hast thou never heard  
Of Hamadryads ?

*Rhaicos.* Heard of them I have :  
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit  
Beside thy feet ? Art thou not tired ? The herbs  
Are very soft ; I will not come too nigh ;  
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.  
Stay, stay an instant : let me first explore  
If any acorn of last year be left  
Within it ; thy thin robe too ill protects  
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small  
Acorn may do. Here 's none. Another day

Trust me : till then let me sit opposite.

*Hamadryad.* I seat me ; be thou seated, and content.

*Rhaicos.* O sight for gods ! Ye men below ! adore  
The Aphroditè. *Is* she there below ?

Or sits she here before me ? as she sate  
Before the shepherd on those highths that shade  
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.

*Ham.* Reverence the higher Powers ; nor deem amiss  
Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay . .

Ask not how much . . but very much. Rise not :

No, Rhaicos, no ! Without the nuptial vow

Love is unholy. Swear to me that none

Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,

Then take thou mine ; then take it, not before.

*Rhaicos.* Hearken, all gods above ! O Aphroditè !

O Herè ! let my vow be ratified !

But wilt thou come into my father's house ?

*Hamadryad.* Nay : and of mine I cannot give thee part.

*Rhaicos.* Where is it ?

*Hamadryad.* In this oak.

*Rhaicos.* Ay ; now begins

The tale of Hamadryad : tell it through.

*Hamadryad.* Pray of thy father never to cut down  
My tree ; and promise him, as well thou mayst,  
That every year he shall receive from me  
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,  
More wax than he will burn to all the gods.  
Why fallest thou upon thy face ? Some thorn  
May scratch it, rash young man ! Rise up ; for shame !

*Rhaicos.* For shame I can not rise. O pity me !  
I dare not sue for love . . but do not hate !  
Let me once more behold thee . . not once more,  
But many days : let me love on . . unloved !  
I aimed too high : on my own head the bolt  
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

*Hamadryad.* Go . . rather go, than make me say I love.

*Rhaicos.* If happiness is immortality,  
(And whence enjoy it else the gods above ?)  
I am immortal too : my vow is heard . .  
Hark ! on the left . . Nay, turn not from me now,  
I claim my kiss.

*Hamadryad.* Do men take first, then claim ?  
Do thus the seasons run their course with them ?

Her lips were seal'd ; her head sank on his breast.  
'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood :  
But who should hear them? . . and whose laughs? and why?

Savoury was the smell and long past noon,  
Thallinos ! in thy house ; for marjoram  
Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,  
Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length,  
Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,  
Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,  
With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.  
" Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,  
Boy Rhaicos ! " said the father. " That oak's bark  
Must have been tough, with little sap between ;  
It ought to run ; but it and I are old."  
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread  
Increast by chewing, and the meat grew cold  
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught  
Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,  
He thought not of, until his father fill'd  
The cup, averring water was amiss,  
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid . .  
It was religion.

He, thus fortified,  
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abasht,  
“ Father, that oak is Jove’s own tree : that oak  
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax  
And honey. There is one who fears the gods  
And the gods love . . that one ”

(He blusht, nor said

What one)

“ has promist this, and may do more.  
Thou hast not many moons to wait until  
The bees have done their best : if then there come  
Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn.”

“ Zeus hath bestow’d on thee a prudent mind,”  
Said the glad sire : “ but look thou often there,  
And gather all the honey thou canst find  
In every crevice, over and above  
What has been promist ; would they reckon that ? ”

Rhaicos went daily ; and the nymph as oft,  
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,  
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,  
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.  
She play’d on his : she fed upon his sighs :

They pleased her when they gently waved her hair,  
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,  
And when her absence brought them out, they pleased.  
Even among the fondest of them all,  
What mortal or immortal maid is more  
Content with giving happiness than pain ?  
One day he was returning from the wood  
Despondently. She pitied him, and said  
“ Come back ! ” and twined her fingers in the hem  
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps  
To a cool rill that ran o’er level sand  
Through lentisk and through oleander, there  
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap  
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.  
He dared complain ; for those who most are loved  
Most dare it ; but not harsh was his complaint.  
“ O thou inconstant ! ” said he, “ if stern law  
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,  
O, let me know henceforward when to hope  
The fruit of love that grows for me but here.”  
He spake ; and pluckt it from its pliant stem.  
“ Impatient Rhaicos ! why thus intercept



The answer I would give ? There is a bee  
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts  
And executes my wishes : I will send  
That messenger. If ever thou art false,  
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive  
My bee away : then shall I know my fate,  
And . . for thou must be wretched . . weep at thine.  
But often as my heart persuades to lay  
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,  
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn  
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe.”

Day after day the Hours beheld them blest,  
And season after season : years had past,  
Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love  
Ever is sated of sweet things, the same  
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,  
Never, by Zeus ! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps  
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull  
Among their woods ; one did, alas ! She called

Her faithful bee : 'twas when all bees should sleep,  
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth  
To bring that light which never wintry blast  
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,  
The light that shines from loving eyes upon  
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth :  
Between them stood the table, not o'erspred  
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,  
Nor anise-cakes, nor odorous wine ; but there  
The draft-board was expanded ; at which game  
Triumphant sat old Thallinos ; the son  
Was puzzled, vexed, discomfited, distraught.  
A buzz was at his ear : up went his hand,  
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee  
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)  
And found the Hamadryad with her head  
Upon her aching wrist, and show'd one wing  
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,  
And there were bruises which no eye could see  
Saving a Hamadryad's.

At this sight

Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,  
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall  
Of Thallinos : he heard it not ; his son  
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.  
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,  
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth  
Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound  
Even of insect wing : but loud laments  
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year  
Heard day and night ; for Rhaicos would not quit  
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,  
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

## IX. ACON AND RHODOPE; OR, INCONSTANCY.

The Year's twelve daughters had in turn gone by,  
Of measured pace tho' varying mien all twelve,  
Some froward, some sedater, some adorn'd  
For festival, some reckless of attire.

The snow had left the mountain-top ; fresh flowers  
Had withered in the meadow ; fig and prune  
Hung wrinkling ; the last apple glow'd amid  
Its freckled leaves ; and weary oxen blinkt  
Between the trodden corn and twisted vine,  
Under whose bunches stood the empty crate,  
To creak ere long beneath them carried home.  
This was the season when twelve months before,  
O gentle Hamadryad, true to love !  
Thy mansion, thy dim mansion in the wood  
Was blasted and laid desolate : but none  
Dared violate its precincts, none dared pluck  
The moss beneath it, which alone remain'd  
Of what was thine.

Old Thallinos sat mute  
In solitary sadness. The strange tale

(Not until Rhaicos died, but then the whole)  
Echion had related, whom no force  
Could ever make look back upon the oaks.  
The father said "Echion! thou must weigh,  
Carefully, and with stedd hand, enough  
(Although no longer comes the store as once!)  
Of wax to burn all day and night upon  
That hollow stone where milk and honey lie:  
So may the Gods, so may the dead, be pleas'd!"  
Thallinos bore it thither in the morn,  
And lighted it and left it.

First of those

Who visited upon this solemn day  
The Hamadryad's oak, were Rhodope  
And Acon; of one age, one hope, one trust.  
Graceful was she as was the nymph whose fate  
She sorrowed for: he slender, pale, and first  
Lapt by the flame of love: his father's lands  
Were fertile, herds lowed over them afar.  
Now stood the two aside the hollow stone  
And lookt with stedfast eyes toward the oak  
Shivered and black and bare.

“ May never we  
Love as they loved ! ” said Acon. She at this  
Smiled, for he said not what he meant to say,  
And thought not of its bliss, but of its end.  
He caught the flying smile, and blusht, and vow'd  
Nor time nor other power, whereto the might  
Of love hath yielded and may yield again,  
Should alter his.

The father of the youth  
Wanted not beauty for him, wanted not  
Song, that could lift earth's weight from off his heart,  
Discretion, that could guide him thro' the world,  
Innocence, that could clear his way to heaven ;  
Silver and gold and land, not green before  
The ancestral gate, but purple under skies  
Bending far off, he wanted for his heir.

Fathers have given life, but virgin heart  
They never gave ; and dare they then controll  
Or check it harshly ? dare they break a bond  
Girt round it by the holiest Power on high ?

Acon was grieved, he said, grieved bitterly,  
But Acon had complied . . 'twas dutiful !

Crush thy own heart, Man ! Man ! but fear to wound  
The gentler, that relies on thee alone,  
By thee created, weak or strong by thee ;  
Touch it not but for worship ; watch before  
Its sanctuary ; nor leave it till are closed  
The temple-doors and the last lamp is spent.

Rhodope, in her soul's waste solitude,  
Sate mournful by the dull-resounding sea,  
Often not hearing it, and many tears  
Had the cold breezes hardened on her cheek.  
Meanwhile he sauntered in the wood of oaks,  
Nor shun'd to look upon the hollow stone  
That held the milk and honey, nor to lay  
His plighted hand where recently 'twas laid  
Opposite hers, when finger playfully  
Advanced and pusht back finger, on each side.  
He did not think of this, as she would do  
If she were there alone.

The day was hot ;  
The moss invited him ; it cool'd his cheek,  
It cool'd his hands ; he thrust them into it  
And sank to slumber. Never was there dream

Divine as his. He saw the Hamadryad.  
She took him by the arm and led him on  
Along a valley, where profusely grew  
The smaller lilies with their pendent bells,  
And, hiding under mint, chill drosera,  
The violet shy of butting cyclamen,  
The feathery fern, and, browser of moist banks,  
Her offspring round her, the soft strawberry ;  
The quivering spray of ruddy tamarisk,  
The oleander's light-hair'd progeny  
Breathing bright freshness in each other's face,  
And graceful rose, bending her brow, with cup  
Of fragrance and of beauty, boon for Gods.  
The fragrance fill'd his breast with such delight  
His senses were bewildered, and he thought  
He saw again the face he most had loved.  
He stopt : the Hamadryad at his side  
Now stood between ; then drew him farther off :  
He went, compliant as before : but soon  
Verdure had ceast : altho' the ground was smooth,  
Nothing was there delightful. At this change  
He would have spoken, but his guide repress



All questioning, and said,

“ Weak youth ! what brought

Thy footstep to this wood, my native haunt,  
My life-long residence ? this bank, where first  
I sate with him . . the faithful (now I know,  
Too late !) the faithful Rhaicos. Haste thee home ;  
Be happy, if thou canst ; but come no more  
Where those whom death alone could sever, died.”

He started up : the moss whereon he slept  
Was dried and withered : deadlier paleness spread  
Over his cheek ; he sickened : and the sire  
Had land enough ; it held his only son.

#### X. SOPHOCLES TO POSEIDON.

The colours of thy waves are not the same  
Day after day, Poseidon ! nor the same  
The fortunes of the land wherefrom arose  
Under thy trident the brave friend of man.  
Wails have been heard from women, sterner breasts  
Have sounded with the desperate pang of grief,  
Grey hairs have strown these rocks : here Ægeus cried,

“ O Sun ! careering over Sipylus,

If desolation (worse than ever there  
Befell the mother and those heads her own  
Would shelter when the deadly darts flew round)  
Impend not o'er my house in gloom so long,  
Let one swift cloud illumin'd by thy chariot  
Sweep off the darkness from that doubtful sail."

Deeper and deeper came the darkness down ;  
The sail itself was heard ; his eyes grew dim ;  
His knees tottered beneath him, but availed  
To bear him till he plunged into the deep.

Sound, fives ! there is a youthfulness of sound  
In your shrill voices : sound again, ye lips  
That Mars delights in. I will look no more  
Into the time behind for idle goads  
To stimulate faint fancies : hope itself  
Is bounded by the starry zone of glory.  
On one bright point we gaze, one wish we breathe.

Athens ! be ever as thou art this hour,  
Happy and strong, a Pericles thy guide.

## XL. ENALLOS AND CYMODAMEIA.

A vision came o'er three young men at once,  
A vision of Apollo : each had heard  
The same command ; each followed it ; all three  
Assembled on one day before the God  
In Lycia, where he gave his oracle.  
Bright shone the morning ; and the birds that build  
Their nests beneath the column-heads of fanes  
And eaves of humbler habitations, dropt  
From under them and wheel'd athwart the sky,  
When, silently and reverently, the youths  
Marcht side by side up the long steps that led  
Toward the awful God who dwelt within.  
Of those three youths fame hath held fast the name  
Of one alone ; nor would that name survive  
Unless Love had sustain'd it, and blown off  
With his impatient breath the mists of time.  
“ Ye come,” the God said mildly, “ of one will  
To people what is desert in the isle

Of Lemnos. But strong men possess its shores ;  
Nor shall you execute the brave emprize  
Unless, on the third day from going forth,  
To him who rules the waters ye devote  
A virgin, cast into the sea alive.”  
They heard, and lookt in one another’s face,  
And then bent piously before the shrine  
With prayer and praises and thanksgiving hymn,  
And, after a short silence, went away,  
Taking each other’s hand and swearing truth,  
Then to the ship in which they came, return’d.  
Two of the youths were joyous, one was sad ;  
Sad was Enallos ; yet those two by none  
Were loved ; Enallos had already won  
Cymodameia, and the torch was near.  
By night, by day, in company, alone,  
The image of the maiden fill’d his breast  
To the heart’s brim. Ah ! therefore did that heart  
So sink within him.

They have sail’d ; they reach  
Their home again. Sires, matrons, maidens, throng  
The plashing port, to watch the gather’d sail,

And who springs first and farthest upon shore.  
Enallos came the latest from the deck.  
Swift ran the rumour what the God had said,  
And fearful were the maidens, who before  
Had urged the sailing of the youths they loved,  
That they might give their hands, and have their homes,  
And nurse their children ; and more thoughts perhaps  
Led up to these, and even ran before.  
But they persuaded easily their wooers  
To sail without them, and return again  
When they had seiz'd the virgin on the way.  
Cymodameia dreamt three nights, the three  
Before their fresh departure, that her own  
Enallos had been cast into the deep,  
And she had saved him. She alone embarkt  
Of all the maidens, and unseen by all,  
And hid herself before the break of day  
Among the cloaks and fruits piled high aboard.  
But when the noon was come, and the repast  
Was call'd for, there they found her. Not quite stern,  
But more than sad, Enallos lookt upon her.  
Forebodings shook him : hopes rais'd *her*, and love

Warm'd the clear cheek while she wiped off the spray.

Kindly were all to her and dutiful ;

And she slept soundly mid the leaves of figs

And vines, and far as far could be apart.

Now the third morn had risen, and the day

Was dark, and gusts of wind and hail and fogs

Perplexed them : land they saw not yet, nor knew

Where land was lying. Sudden lightnings blazed,

Thunder-claps rattled round them. The pale crew

Howl'd for the victim. " Seize her, or we sink."

O maid of Pindus ! I would linger here

To lave my eyelids at the nearest rill,

For thou hast made me weep, as oft thou hast,

Where thou and I, apart from living men,

And two or three crags higher, sate and sang.

Ah ! must I, seeing ill my way, proceed ?

And thy voice too, Cymodameia ! thine

Comes back upon me, helpless as thyself

In this extremity. Sad words ! sad words !

" O save me ! save ! Let me not die so young !

Loving you so ! Let me not cease to see you ?"

Thou claspedest the youth who would have died

To have done less than save thee. Thus he prayed.  
“ O God ! who givest light to all the world,  
Take not from me what makes that light most blessed !  
Grant me, if 'tis forbidden me to save  
This hapless helpless sea-devoted maid,  
To share with her (and bring no curses up  
From outraged Neptune) her appointed fate ! ”  
They wrung her from his knee ; they hurl'd her down  
(Clinging in vain at the hard slippery pitch)  
Into the whitening wave. But her long hair  
Scarcely had risen up again, before  
Another plunge was heard, another form  
Clove the strait line of bubbling foam, direct  
As ringdove after ringdove. Groans from all  
Burst, for the roaring sea ingulph't them both.  
Onward the vessel flew ; the skies again  
Shone bright, and thunder roll'd along, not wroth,  
But gently murmuring to the white-wing'd sails.  
Lemnos at close of evening was in sight.  
The shore was won ; the fields markt out ; and roofs  
Collected the dun wings that seek house-fare ;  
And presently the ruddy-bosom'd guest

Of winter, knew the doors : then infant cries  
Were heard within ; and lastly, tottering steps  
Pattered along the image-stationed hall.  
Ay, three full years had come and gone again,  
And often, when the flame on windy nights  
Suddenly flicker'd from the mountain-ash  
Piled high, men pusht almost from under them  
The bench on which they talkt about the dead.  
Meanwhile beneficent Apollo saw  
With his bright eyes into the sea's calm depth,  
And there he saw Enallos, there he saw  
Cymodameia. Gravely-gladsome light  
Environed them with its eternal green :  
And many nymphs sate round : one blew aloud  
The spiral shell ; one drew bright chords across  
Shell more expansive ; tenderly a third  
With cowering lip hung o'er the flute, and stopt  
At will its dulcet sob, or waked to joy ;  
A fourth took up the lyre and pinch't the strings,  
Invisible by trembling : many rais'd  
Clear voices. Thus they spent their happy hours.  
I know them all ; but all with eyes downcast,



Conscious of loving, have entreated me  
I would not utter now their names above.  
Behold, among these natives of the sea  
There stands but one young man : how fair ! how fond !  
Ah ! were he fond to *them* ! It may not be !  
Yet did they tend him morn and eve ; by night  
They also watcht his slumbers : then they heard  
His sighs, nor his alone ; for there were two  
To whom the watch was hateful. In despair  
Upward he rais'd his arms, and thus he prayed.  
“ O Phœbus ! on the higher world alone  
Showerest thou all thy blessings ? Great indeed  
Hath been thy favour to me, great to her ;  
But she pines inly, and calls beautiful  
More than herself the Nymphs she sees around,  
And asks me ‘ Are they not more beautiful ? ’  
Be all more beautiful, be all more blest,  
But not with me ! Release her from the sight ;  
Restore her to a happier home, and dry  
With thy pure beams, above, her bitter tears ! ”

She saw him in the action of his prayer,  
Troubled, and ran to soothe him. From the ground,

Ere she had claspt his neck, her feet were borne.  
He caught her robe ; and its white radiance rose  
Rapidly, all day long, through the green sea.  
Enallos loost not from that robe his grasp,  
But spann'd one ancle too. The swift ascent  
Had stunn'd them into slumber, sweet, serene,  
Invigorating her, nor letting loose  
The lover's arm below ; albeit at last  
It closed those eyes intently fixt thereon,  
And stil as fixt in dreaming. Both were cast  
Upon an island till'd by peaceful men  
And few . . no port nor road accessible . .  
Fruitful and green as the abode they left,  
And warm with summer, warm with love and song.  
'Tis said that some, whom most Apollo loves,  
Have seen that island, guided by his light ;  
And others have gone near it, but a fog  
Rose up between them and the lofty rocks ;  
Yet they relate they saw it quite as well,  
And shepherd-boys and credulous hinds believe,

## XII. THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA.

“ Artemidora ! Gods invisible,  
While thou art lying faint along the couch,  
Have tied the sandal to thy slender feet  
And stand beside thee, ready to convey  
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.  
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness  
Away, and voices like thy own come near  
And nearer, and solicit an embrace.”

Artemidora sigh'd, and would have prest  
The hand now pressing her's, but was too weak.  
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen  
While thus Elpenor spake. He lookt into  
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile  
To those above them, but now dim with tears  
And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy  
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,  
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more :  
Her head fell back : and now a loud deep sob  
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber ; 'twas not hers.

## XIII. MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY.

An old attendant deprecates and intercepts his vengeance.

*Men.* Out of my way! Off! or my sword may smite thee,  
Heedless of venerable age. And thou,  
Fugitive! stop. Stand, traitress, on that stair . .  
Thou mountest not another, by the Gods!  
Now take the death thou meritest, the death  
Zeus who presides o'er hospitality,  
And every other god whom thou hast left,  
And every other who abandons thee  
In this accursed city, sends at last.  
Turn, vilest of vile slaves! turn, paramour  
Of what all other women hate, of cowards,  
Turn, lest this hand wrench back thy head, and toss  
It and its odours to the dust and flames.

*Helen.* Welcome the death thou promisest! Not fear  
But shame, obedience, duty, make me turn.

*Menelaus.* Duty! false harlot!

*Helen.* Name too true! severe



Hate me, abhor me, curse me . . these are duties . .  
Call me but Mother in the shades of death !  
She now is twelve years old, when the bud swells  
And the first colours of uncertain life  
Begin to tinge it.

*Menelaus (aside).* Can she think of home ?  
Hers once, mine yet, and sweet Hermione's !  
Is there one spark that cheer'd my hearth, one left,  
For thee, my last of love !

Scorn, righteous scorn  
Blows it from me . . but thou mayst . . never, never.  
Thou shalt not see her even there. The slave  
On earth shall scorn thee, and the damn'd below.

*Helen.* Delay not either fate. If death is mercy,  
Send me among the captives ; so that Zeus  
May see his offspring led in chains away,  
And thy hard brother, pointing with his sword  
At the last wretch that crouches on the shore,  
Cry, " She alone shall never sail for Greece ! "

*Menelaus.* Hast thou more words ?

Her voice is musical  
As the young maids who sing to Artemis :

How glossy is that yellow braid my grasp  
Seiz'd and let loose ! Ah ! can then years have past  
Since but the children of the Gods, like them,  
Suffer not age.

Helen ! speak honestly,  
And thus escape my vengeance . . was it force  
That bore thee off ?

*Helen.* It was some evil God.

*Menelaus.* Helping that hated man ?

*Helen.* How justly hated !

*Menelaus.* By thee too ?

*Helen.* Hath he not made *thee* unhappy ?

O do not strike.

*Menelaus.* Wretch !

*Helen.* Strike, but do not speak.

*Menelaus.* Lest thou remember me against thy will.

*Helen.* Lest I look up and see you wroth and sad,  
Against my will ; O ! how against my will  
They know above, they who perhaps can pity.

*Menelaus.* They shall not save thee.

*Helen.* Then indeed they pity

*Menelaus.* Prepare for death.

*Helen.* Not from that hand : 'twould pain you.

*Menelaüs.* Touch not my hand. Easily dost thou drop it!

*Helen.* Easy are all things, do but thou command.

*Menelaüs.* Look up then.

*Helen.* To the hardest proof of all

I am now bidden : bid me not look up.

*Menelaüs.* She looks as when I led her on behind

The torch and fife, and when the blush o'ersprad

Her girlish face at tripping in the myrtle

On the first step before the wreathed gate.

Approach me. Fall not on thy knees.

*Helen.*

The hand

That is to slay me, best may slay me thus.

I dare no longer see the light of heaven,

Nor thine . . alas ! the light of heaven to me.

*Menelaüs.* Follow me.

She holds out both arms . . and now

Drops them again . . She comes . . Why stoppest thou ?

*Helen.* O Meneläus ! could thy heart know mine,

As once it did . . for then did they converse,

Generous the one, the other not unworthy . .

Thou wouldst find sorrow deeper even than guilt.



*Menelaüs.* And must I lead her by the hand again ?  
Nought shall persuade me. Never. She draws back . .  
The true alone and loving sob like her.

Come, Helen ! *[He takes her hand.]*

*Helen.* Oh ! let never Greek see this !  
Hide me from Argos, from Amyclai hide me,  
Hide me from all.

*Menelaüs.* Thy anguish is too strong  
For me to strive with.

*Helen.* Leave it all to me.

*Menel.* Peace! peace! The wind, I hope, is fair for Sparta.

#### XIV. CHRYSÆOR.

Come, I beseech ye, Muses ! who, retired  
Deep in the shady glens by Helicon,  
Yet know the realms of Ocean, know the laws  
Of his wide empire, and throughout his court  
Know every Nymph, and call them each by name ;  
Who from your sacred mountain see afar  
O'er earth and heaven, and hear and memorise

The crimes of men and counsels of the Gods ;  
Sing of those crimes and of those counsels, sing  
Of Gades sever'd from the fruitful main,  
And what befell, and from what mighty hand,  
Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword.  
'Twas when the high Olympus shook with fear,  
Lest all his temples, all his groves, be crusht  
By Pelion piled on Ossa : but the sire  
Of mortals and immortals waved his arm  
Around, and all below was wild dismay :  
Again ; 'twas agony : again ; 'twas peace.  
Chrysaor stil in Gades tarrying,  
Hurl'd into ether, tinging, as it flew,  
With sudden fire the clouds round Saturn's throne,  
No pine surrendered by retreating Pan,  
Nor ash, nor poplar pale : but swoln with pride  
Stood towering from the citadel ; his spear  
One hand was rested on, and one with rage  
Shut hard, and firmly fixt against his side ;  
His frowning visage, flusht with insolence,  
Rais'd up oblique to heaven. " O thou," he cried,  
" Whom nations kneel to, not whom nations know,

Hear me, and answer, if indeed thou canst,  
The last appeal I deign thee or allow.  
Tell me, and quickly, why should I adore,  
Adored myself by millions ? why invoke,  
Invoked with all thy attributes ? Men wrong  
By their prostrations, prayers, and sacrifice,  
Either the gods, their rulers, or themselves :  
But flame and thunder fright them from the Gods ;  
*Themselves* they can not, dare not, they are ours ;  
*Us*, dare they, can they, *us* ? But triumph, Jove !  
Man for one moment hath engaged his lord,  
Henceforth let merchants value him, not kings.  
No ! lower thy scepter, and hear Atrobal,  
And judge aright to whom men sacrifice.  
' My children,' said the sage and pious priest,  
' Mark there the altar ! though the fumes aspire  
Twelve cubits ere a nostril they regale,  
'Tis myrrh for Titans, 'tis but air for Gods.'  
Time changes, Nature changes, I am changed !  
Fronting the furious luster of the sun,  
I yielded to his piercing swift-shot beams  
Only when quite meridian, then abased

These orbits to the ground, and there survey'd  
My shadow : strange and horrid to relate !  
My very shadow almost disappear'd !  
Restore it, or by earth and hell I swear  
With blood enough will I refascinate  
The cursed incantation : thou restore,  
And largely ; or my brethren, all combined,  
Shall rouse thee from thy lethargies, and drive  
Far from thy cloud-soft pillow, minion-prest,  
Those leering lassitudes that follow Love."

The smile of disappointment and disdain  
Sat sallow on his pausing lip half-closed ;  
But, neither headlong importunity  
Nor gibing threat of reed-propt insolence  
Let loose the blast of vengeance : heaven shone bright,  
And proud Chrysaor spurn'd the prostrate land.  
But the triumphant Thunderer, now mankind  
(Criminal mostly for enduring crimes)  
Provoked his indignation, thus besought  
His trident-sceptered brother, triton-borne.  
" O Neptune ! cease henceforward to repine.

They are not cruel, no ; the Destinies  
Intent upon their loom, unoccupied  
With aught beyond its moody murmuring sound,  
Will neither see thee weep nor hear thee sigh :  
And wherefore weep, O Neptune, wherefore sigh !  
Ambition ? 'tis unworthy of a God,  
Unworthy of a brother ! I am Jove,  
Thou Neptune : happier in uncitied realms,  
In coral hall or grotto samphire-ceil'd,  
Amid the song of Nymphs and ring of shells  
Thou smoothest at thy will the pliant wave  
Or liftest it to heaven. I also can  
Whatever best beseems me, nor for aid  
Unless I loved thee, Neptune, would I call.  
Though absent, thou hast heard and hast beheld  
The profanation of that monstrous race,  
That race of earth-born giants ; one survives ;  
The rapid-footed Rhodan mountain-rear'd  
Beheld the rest defeated ; stil remain  
Scatter'd throughout interminable fields,  
Sandy and sultry, and each hopeless path  
Choakt up with crawling briars and bristling thorns,

The flinty trophies of their foul disgrace.  
Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword,  
Stil hails as brethren men of stouter heart,  
But, wise confederate, shuns Phlegræan fields.  
No warrior he, yet who so fond of war,  
Unfeeling, scarce ferocious ; flattery's dupe,  
He fancies that the gods themselves are his ;  
Impious, but most in prayer. Now re-assert  
Thy friendship, raise thy trident, strike the rock,  
Sever him from mankind." Then thus replied  
The Nymph-surrounded monarch of the main.

" Empire bemoan I not, however shared,  
Nor Fortune frail, nor stubborn Fate, accuse :  
No ! mortals I bemoan ! when Avarice,  
Ploughing these fruitless furrows, shall awake  
The basking Demons and the dormant Crimes,  
Horrible, strong, resistless, and transform  
Meekness to Madness, Patience to Despair.  
What is Ambition ? what but Avarice ?  
But Avarice in richer guise array'd,  
Stalking erect, loud-spoken, lion-mien'd,  
Her brow uncrost by care, but deeply markt,

And darting downward 'twixt her eyes hard-lasht  
The wrinkle of command. Could ever I  
So foul a fiend, so fondly too, caress ?  
Judge me not harshly, judge me by my deeds."

Though seated then on Afric's further coast,  
Yet sudden at his voice, so long unheard,  
(For he had grieved and treasured up his grief)  
With short kind greeting meet from every side  
The Triton herds, and warm with melody  
The azure concave of their curling shells.  
Swift as an arrow, as the wind, as light,  
He glided through the deep, and now arrived,  
Lept from his pearly beryl-studded car.  
Earth trembled : the retreating tide, black-brow'd,  
Gather'd new strength, and rushing on, assail'd  
The promontory's base : but when the God  
Himself, resistless Neptune, struck one blow,  
Rent were the rocks asunder, and the ský  
Was darken'd with their fragments ere they fell.  
Lygeia vocal, Zantho yellow-hair'd,  
Spio with sparkling eyes, and Beröe

Demure, and sweet Ione, youngest-born,  
Of mortal race, but grown divine by song.  
Had he seen playing round her placid neck  
The sunny circles, braidless and unbound,  
O ! who had call'd them borders of a storm !  
These, and the many sister Nereids,  
Forgetful of their lays and of their loves,  
All unsuspecting of the dread intent,  
Stop suddenly their gambols, and with shrieks  
Of terror plunge amid the closing wave ;  
Yet, just above, one moment more appear  
Their darken'd tresses floating in the foam.  
Thrown prostrate on the earth, the Sacrilege  
Rais'd up his head astounded, and accurst  
The stars, the destinies, the gods ; his breast  
Panted from consternation and dismay,  
And pride untoward on himself o'erthrown.  
From his distended nostrils issued gore  
At intervals, with which his wiry locks,  
Huge arms, and bulky bosom, shone beslimed :  
And thrice he call'd his brethren, with a voice  
More dismal than the blasts from Phlegethon



Below, that urge along ten-thousand ghosts  
Wafted loud-wailing o'er the fiery tide.  
But answer heard he none : the men of might  
Who gather'd round him formerly, the men  
Whom frozen at a frown, a smile revived,  
Were far : enormous mountains interposed,  
Nor ever had the veil-hung pine out-spread  
O'er Tethys then her wandering leafless shade :  
Nor could he longer under winter stars  
Suspend the watery journey, nor repose  
Whole nights on Ocean's billowy restless bed ;  
No longer, bulging through the tempest, rose  
That bulky bosom ; nor those oarlike hands,  
Trusted ere mortal's keenest ken conceived  
The bluest shore, threw back opposing tides.  
Shrunk mid brutal hair his violent veins  
Subsided, yet were hideous to behold  
As dragons panting in the noontide brake.  
At last, absorbing deep the breath of heaven,  
And stifling all within his deadly grasp,  
Struggling and tearing up the glebe to turn,  
And from a throat that, as it throb'd and rose,

Seem'd shaking ponderous links of dusky iron,  
Uttering one anguish-forced indignant groan,  
Fired with infernal rage, the spirit flew.

Nations of fair Hesperia ! lo o'erthrown  
Your peace-embracing war-inciting king !  
Ah ! thrice twelve years and longer ye endured,  
Without one effort to rise higher, one hope  
That heaven would wing the secret shaft aright,  
The abomination : hence 'twas Jove's command  
That many hundred, many thousand more,  
Freed from one despot, yet from one unfreed,  
Ye crouch unblest at Superstition's feet.  
Her hath he sent among ye ; her the pest  
Of men below and curse of Gods above :  
Hers are the last worst tortures they inflict  
On all who bend to any king but them.  
Born of Sicanus in the vast abyss  
Where never light descended, she survived  
Her parent ; he omnipotence defied,  
But thunderstruck fell headlong from the clouds :  
She, though the radiant ether overpower'd  
Her eyes, accustom'd to the gloom of night,

And quencht their lurid orbs, Religion's helm  
Assuming, vibrated her Stygian torch,  
Til thou, Astræa ! though behind the sire's  
Broad egis, trembledst on thy heavenly throne.

#### XV. IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom  
At Aulis, and when all beside the king  
Had gone away, took his right-hand, and said,  
“ O father ! I am young and very happy.  
I do not think the pious Calchas heard  
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old-age  
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew  
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood  
While I was resting on her knee both arms  
And hitting it to make her mind my words,  
And looking in her face, and she in mine,  
Might not he also hear one word amiss,  
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus ? ”  
The father placed his cheek upon her head,

And tears dropt down it, but the king of men  
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.  
“ O father ! sayst thou nothing ? Hear'st thou not  
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,  
Listen'd to fondly, and awaken'd me  
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,  
When it was inarticulate as theirs,  
And the down deadened it within the nest ? ”  
He moved her gently from him, silent stil,  
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,  
Altho' she saw fate nearer : then with sighs,  
“ I thought to have laid down my hair before  
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimm'd  
Her polisht altar with my virgin blood ;  
I thought to have selected the white flowers  
To please the Nymphs, and to have askt of each  
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,  
Whether, since both my parents will'd the change,  
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow ;  
And (after these who mind us girls the most)  
Adore our own Athena,\* that she would

\* Pallas Athena was the patroness of Argos.

Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.  
But, father ! to see you no more, and see  
Your love, O father ! go ere I am gone . . ”  
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,  
Bending his lofty head far over her’s,  
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.  
He turn’d away ; not far, but silent stil.  
She now first shudder’d ; for in him, so nigh,  
So long a silence seem’d the approach of death,  
And like it. Once again she rais’d her voice.  
“ O father ! if the ships are now detain’d,  
And all your vows move not the Gods above,  
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer  
The less to them : and purer can there be  
Any, or more fervent than the daughter’s prayer  
For her dear father’s safety and success ? ”  
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.  
An aged man now enter’d, and without  
One word, stept slowly on, and took the wrist  
Of the pale maiden. She lookt up, and saw  
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.

Then turn'd she where her parent stood, and cried  
"O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail."

## XVI. THE DEATH OF CLYTEMNESTRA.

ORESTES AND ELECTRA.

*Electra.* Pass on, my brother! she awaits the wretch,  
Dishonorer, despoiler, murderer . . .  
None other name shall name him . . . she awaits  
As would a lover . . .

Heavenly Gods! what poison  
O'erflows my lips!

Adultrous! husband-slayer!  
Strike her, the tigress!

Think upon our father . .  
Give the sword scope . . think what a man was he,  
How fond of her! how kind to all about,  
That he might gladden and teach us . . how proud  
Of thee, Orestes! tossing thee above  
His joyous head and calling thee his crown.  
Ah! boys remember not what melts our hearts



*Orestes (returning.)*

They sound through hell

Rejoicing the Eumenides.\*

She slew

Our father ; she made thee the scorn of slaves ;

Me (son of him who ruled this land and more)

She made an outcast . . .

Would I had been so

For ever ! ere such vengeance . . .

*Electra.*

O that Zeus

Had let thy arm fall sooner at thy side

Without those drops ! list ! they are audible . .

For they are many . . from the sword's point falling,

And down from the mid blade !

Too rash Orestes !

Couldst thou not then have spared our wretched mother ?

*Orestes.* The Gods could not.

*Electra.*

She was not theirs, Orestes.

\* An ancient scholiast has recorded that the name of Eumenides was given to these Goddesses after the expiation of Orestes. But Catullus (called the *learned* by his countrymen) represents Ariadne invoking them by this appellation long before the Trojan war. The verses are the most majestic in the Roman language.

Eumenides ! quarum anguinis redimita capillis

Frons expirantes præportat pectoris iras,

Huc, huc adventate ! &c.



*Orestes.* And didst not thou . .

*Electra.* 'Twas I, 'twas I, who did it ;

Of our unhappiest house the most unhappy !

Under this roof, by every God accurst,

There is no grief, there is no guilt, but mine.

*Orestes.* Electra ! no !

'Tis now my time to suffer . .

Mine be, with all its pangs, the righteous deed.

## XVII. THE MADNESS OF ORESTES.

### ORESTES AND ELECTRA.

*Orestes.* Heavy and murderous dreams, O my Electra,  
Have dragged me from myself.

Is this Mycenai ?

Are we . . . are all who should be . . . in our house ?

Living ? unhurt ? our father here ? our mother ?

Why that deep gasp ? for 'twas not sigh nor groan.

She then . . . 'twas she who fell ! when ? how ? beware !

No, no, speak out at once, that my full heart

May meet it, and may share with thee in all . .

In all . . . but that one thing.

It was a dream.

We may share all.

They live ? both live ?

O say it !

*Electra.* The Gods have placed them from us, and  
there rolls

Between us that dark river . . .

*Orestes.* Blood ! blood ! blood !

I see it roll ; I see the hand above it,

Imploring ; I see *her*.

Hiss me not back,

Ye snake-hair'd maids ! I will look on ; I will

Hear the words gurgle thro' that cursed stream,

And catch that hand . . that hand . . which slew my father !

It can not be . . . how could it slay my father ?

Death to the slave who spoke it ! . . slay my father !

It tost me up to him to earn a smile,

And was a smile then such a precious boon,

And royal state and proud affection nothing ?

Ay, and thee too, *Electra*, she once taught

To take the sceptre from him at the door . .

Not the bath-door, not the bath-door, mind that ! . .  
And place it in the vestibule, against  
The spear of Pallas, where it used to stand.  
Where is it now ? methinks I missed it there.  
How we have trembled to be seen to move it !  
Both looking up, lest that stern face should frown  
Which always gazed on Zeus right opposite.  
O ! could but one tear more fall from my eyes,  
It would shake off those horrid visages  
And melt them into air.

I am not yours,  
Fell Goddesses ! A just and generous Power,  
A bright-hair'd God, directed me.

And thus  
Abased is he whom such a God inspired !

*(After a pause.)*

Into whose kingdom went they ? did they go  
Together ?

*Electra.* Oh ! they were not long apart.

*Orestes.* I know why thou art pale ; I know whose head  
Thy flower-like hands have garlanded ; I know

For whom thou hast unbraided all thy love.  
He well deserves it . . . he shall have it all.  
Glory and love shall crown thee, my brave sister !

*Electra.* I am not she of Sparta. Let me live  
(If live I must, Orestes !) not unnamed  
Nor named too often. Speak no more of love,  
Ill-omen'd and opprobrious in this house . .  
A mother should have had, a father had it,  
O may a brother let it dwell with him,  
Unchangeable, unquestioned, solitary,  
Strengthened and hallowed in the depths of grief !  
Gaze not so angrily . . I dare not see thee,  
I dare not look where comfort should be found.

*Orestes.* I dare and do behold them all day long,  
And, were that face away so like my mother's,  
I would advance and question and compell them . .  
They hear me and they know it.

*Electra.* Hear me too,  
Ye mighty ones ! to me invisible !  
And spare him ! spare him ! for without the Gods  
He wrought not what he wrought : And are not ye  
Partakers of their counsels and their power ?

O spare the son of him whom ye and they  
Sent against Ilion, to perform your will  
And bid the rulers of the earth be just.

*Orestes.* And dare they frighten thee too? frighten thee?  
And bend thee into prayer?

Off, hateful eyes!

Look upon me, not her.

Ay, thus; 'tis well.

Cheer, cheer thee, my Electra!

I am strong,

Stronger than ever . . steel, fire, adamant . .

But can not bear thy brow upon my neck,

Can not bear these wild writhings, these loud sobs.

By all the Gods! I think thou art half-mad . . .

I must away . . follow me not . . stand there!

#### XVIII. THE PRAYER OF ORESTES.

*Orestes.* O king Apollo! God Apollo! God  
Powerful to smite and powerful to preserve!  
If there is blood upon me, as there seems,

Purify that black stain (thou only canst)  
With every rill that bubbles from these caves  
Audibly ; and come willing to the work.  
No ; 'tis not they ; 'tis blood ; 'tis blood again  
That bubbles in my ear, that shakes the shades  
Of thy dark groves, and lets in hateful gleams,  
Bringing me . . what dread sight ! what sounds abhorr'd !  
What screams ! They are my mother's : 'tis her eye  
That through the snakes of those three furies glares,  
And makes them hold their peace that she may speak.  
Has thy voice bidden them all forth ? There slink  
Some that would hide away, but must turn back,  
And others like blue lightnings bound along  
From rock to rock ; and many hiss at me  
As they draw nearer. Earth, fire, water, all  
Abominate the deed the Gods commanded !  
Alas ! I come to pray, not to complain ;  
And lo ! my speech is impious as my deed !

## PRIESTESS OF APOLLO.

Take refuge here amid our Delphian shades,  
O troubled breast !

Here the most pious of Mycenai's maids  
Shall watch thy rest  
And wave the cooling laurel o'er thy brow,  
Nor insect swarm  
Shall ever break thy slumbers, nor shalt thou  
Start at the alarm  
Of boys infesting (as they do) the street  
With mocking songs,  
Stopping and importuning all they meet,  
And heaping wrongs  
Upon thy diadem'd and sacred head,  
Worse than when base  
Ægisthus (shudder not !) his toils outspread  
Around thy race.  
Altho' even in this fane the fitful blast  
Thou may'st hear roar,  
Thy name among our highest rocks shall last  
For evermore.

*Orestes.* A calm comes over me : life brings it not  
With any of its tides : my end is near.  
O Priestess of the purifying God

Receive her ! \* and when she hath closed mine eyes,  
Do thou (weep not, my father's child !) close hers.

XIX. THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND OF  
IPHIGENEIA.

*Iphigeneia.* Father ! I now may lean upon your breast,  
And you with unreverted eyes will grasp  
Iphigeneia's hand.

We are not shades

Surely ! for yours throbs yet.

And did my blood

Win Troy for Greece ?

Ah ! 'twas ill done to shrink,

But the sword gleam'd so sharp, and the good priest  
Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above, severe.

*Agamemnon.* Daughter !

*Iphigeneia.* Beloved father ! is the blade  
Again to pierce my bosom ? 'tis unfit  
For sacrifice ; no blood is in its veins ;

\* Pointing to his sister.



No God requires it here ; here are no wrongs  
 To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.  
 You are standing as at Aulis in the fane,  
 With face averted, holding (as before)  
 My hand ; but yours burns not, as then it burn'd ;  
 This alone shows that we are with the Blest,  
 Nor subject to the sufferings we have borne.  
 I will win back past kindness.

Tell me then,

Tell how my mother fares who loved me so,  
 And griev'd, as 'twere for you, to see me part.  
 Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying  
 Amid too idle words, nor asking how  
 She prais'd us both (which most ?) for what we did.

*Agam.* Ye Gods who govern here ! do human pangs  
 Reach the pure soul thus far below ? do tears  
 Spring in these meadows ?

*Iphigeneia.*

No, sweet father, no . .

I could have answered that ; why ask the Gods ?

*Agamemnon.* Iphigeneia ! O my child ! the Earth  
 Has gendered crimes unheard-of heretofore,  
 And Nature may have changed in her last depths,

Together with the Gods and all their laws.

*Iph.* Father ! we must not let you here condemn ;  
 Not, were the day less joyful : recollect  
 We have no wicked here ; no king to judge.  
 Poseidon, we have heard, with bitter rage  
 Lashes his foaming steeds against the skies,  
 And, laughing with loud yell at winged fire  
 Innoxious to his fields and palaces,  
 Affrights the eagle from the sceptred hand ;  
 While Pluto, gentlest brother of the three  
 And happiest in obedience, views sedate  
 His tranquil realm, nor envies theirs above.  
 No change have we, not even day for night  
 Nor spring for summer.

All things are serene,  
 Serene too be your spirit ! None on earth  
 Ever was half so kindly in his house,  
 And so compliant, even to a child.  
 Never was snatcht your robe away from me,  
 Though going to the council. The blind man  
 Knew his good king was leading him indoors  
 Before he heard the voice that marshall'd Greece.

Therefore all prais'd you.

Proudest men themselves

In others praise humility, and most

Admire it in the scepter and the sword.

What then can make you speak thus rapidly

And briefly ? in your step thus hesitate ?

Are you afraid to meet among the good

Incestuous Helen here ?

*Agamemnon.* O ! Gods of Hell !

*Iphigeneia.* She hath not past the river.

We may walk

With our hands linkt nor feel our house's shame.

*Agamemnon.* Never mayst thou, Iphigeneia, feel it !

Aulis had no sharp sword, thou wouldst exclaim,

Greece no avenger . . I, her chief so late,

Through Erebos, through Elysium, writhe beneath it.

*Iphigeneia.* Come, I have better diadems than those

Of Argos and Mycenai : come away,

And I will weave them for you on the bank.

You will not look so pale when you have walkt

A little in the grove, and have told all

Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.

*Agamemnon.* O Earth! I suffered less upon thy shores!  
*(Aside.)* The bath that bubbled with my blood, the blows  
 That spilt it (O worse torture!) must she know?  
 Ah! the first woman coming from Mycenai  
 Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,  
 Taunting sad Charon for his slow advance.  
 Iphigeneia!

*Iphigeneia.* Why thus turn away?  
 Calling me with such fondness! I am here,  
 Father! and where you are, will ever be.

*Agam.* Thou art my child; yes, yes, thou art my child.  
 All was not once what all now is! Come on,  
 Idol of love and truth! my child! my child!  
*(Alone.)* Fell woman! ever false! false was thy last  
 Denunciation, as thy bridal vow;  
 And yet even that found faith with me! The dirk  
 Which sever'd flesh from flesh, where this hand rests,  
 Severs not, as thou boastedst in thy scoffs,  
 Iphigeneia's love from Agamemnon:  
 The wife's a spark may light, a straw consume,  
 The daughter's not her heart's whole fount hath quencht,  
 'Tis worthy of the Gods, and lives for ever.

*Iphigeneia.* What spake my father to the Gods above ?  
Unworthy am I then to join in prayer ?  
If, on the last, or any day before,  
Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,  
Say it at once, and let me be unblest ;  
But, O my faultless father ! why should you ?  
And shun so my embraces ?

Am I wild  
And wandering in my fondness !

We are shades !  
Groan not thus deeply ; blight not thus the season  
Of full-orb'd gladness ! Shades we are indeed,  
But mingled, let us feel it, with the blest.  
I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,  
Altho' I felt it all at your approach.  
Look on me ; smile with me at my illusion . . .  
You are so like what you have ever been  
(Except in sorrow !) I might well forget  
I could not win you as I used to do.  
It was the first embrace since my descent  
I ever aim'd at : those who love me live,  
Save one, who loves me most, and now would chide me.

•

*Agamemnon.* We want not, O Iphigeneia, we  
 Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools the heart  
 With purity, nor words that more and more  
 Teach what we know from those we know, and sink  
 Often most deeply where they fall most light.  
 Time was when for the faintest breath of thine  
 Kingdom and life were little.

*Iphigeneia.* Value them  
 As little now.

*Agamemnon.* Were life and kingdom all !

*Iph.* Ah ! by our death many are sad who loved us.  
 The little fond Electra, and Orestes  
 So childish and so bold ! O that mad boy !  
 They will be happy too.

Cheer ! king of men !

Cheer ! there are voices, songs. . Cheer ! arms advance.

*Agam.* Come to me, soul of peace ! These, these alone,  
 These are not false embraces.

*Iphigeneia.* Both are happy !

*Agamemnon.* Freshness breathes round me from some  
 breeze above.

What are ye, winged ones ! with golden urns ?

*The Hours, descending.*

The Hours. To each an urn we bring.  
Earth's purest gold  
Alone can hold  
The lymph of the Lethæan spring.  
We, son of Atreus ! we divide  
The dulcet from the bitter tide  
That runs athwart the paths of men.  
No more our pinions shalt thou see.  
Take comfort ! We have done with thee,  
And must away to earth again.

*(Ascending.)*

Where thou art, thou  
Of braided brow,  
Thou cull'd too soon from Argive bow'rs,  
Where thy sweet voice is heard among  
The shades that thrill with choral song,  
None can regret the parted Hours.

*Chorus of Argives.*

Maiden ! be thou the spirit that breathes  
 Triumph and joy into our song !  
 Wear and bestow these amaranth-wreaths,  
 Iphigeneia ! they belong  
 To none but thee and her who reigns  
 (Less chaunted) on our bosky plains.

*Semichorus.*

Iphigeneia ! 'tis to thee  
 Glory we owe and victory.  
 Clash, men of Argos, clash your arms  
 To martial worth and virgin charms.

*Other Semichorus.*

Ye men of Argos ! it was sweet  
 To roll the fruits of conquest at the feet  
 Whose whispering sound made bravest hearts beat fast :  
 This we have known at home,  
 But hither we are come  
 To crown the king who ruled us first and last.

H



*Chorus.*

Father of Argos ! king of men !

We chaunt the hymn of praise to thee.

In serried ranks we stand again,

Our glory safe, our country free.

Clash, clash the arms we bravely bore

Against Scamander's God-defended shore.

*Semichorus.*

Blessed art thou who hast repell'd

Battle's wild fury, Ocean's whelming foam ;

Blessed o'er all, to have beheld

Wife, children, house avenged, and peaceful home !

*Other Semichorus.*

We too, thou seest, are now

Among the happy, though the aged brow

From sorrow for us we could not protect,

Nor, on the polisht granite of the well

Folding our arms, of spoils and perils tell,

Nor lift the vase on the lov'd head erect.

*Semichorus.*

What whirling wheels are those behind ?  
 What plumes come flaring through the wind,  
 Nearer and nearer ? From his car  
 He who defied the heaven-born Powers of war  
 Pelides springs : Dust, dust are we  
 To him, O king, who bends the knee,  
 Proud only to be first in reverent praise of thee.

*Other Semichorus.*

Clash, clash the arms ! None other race  
 Shall see such heroes face to face.  
 We too have fought ; and they have seen  
 Nor sea-sand grey nor meadow green  
 Where Dardans stood against their men . .  
 Clash ! Io Pæan ! clash again !  
 Repinings for lost days repress . .  
 The flames of Troy had cheer'd us less.

*Chorus.*

Hark ! from afar more war-steeds neigh,

Thousands o'er thousands rush this way.  
Ajax is yonder ! ay, behold  
The radiant arms of Lycian gold !  
Arms from admiring valour won,  
Tydeus ! and worthy of thy son.  
'Tis Ajax wears them now ; for he  
Rules over Adria's stormy sea.

He threw them to the friend who lost  
(By the dim judgment of the host)  
Those wet with tears which Thetis gave  
The youth most beauteous of the brave.  
In vain ! the insatiate soul would go  
For comfort to his peers below.  
Clash ! ere we leave them all the plain,  
Clash ! Io Pæan ! once again !

## XX. CUPID AND PAN.

Cupid saw Pan stretcht at full length asleep.  
He snatcht the goatskin from the half-covered limbs,  
And, now in *this* place now in *that* twitcht up  
A stiff curv'd hair : meanwhile the slumberer  
Blew from his ruddy breast all care about  
His flock, all care about the snow, that hung  
Only where creviced rocks rose bleak and high,  
And felt . . what any cork-tree's bark may feel.  
His hemlock pipe lay underneath his neck :  
But even this the wicked boy stole out,  
And unperceived . . save that he twinkled once  
His hard sharp ear, and laid it down again.  
" Jupiter ! is there any God " said Love,  
" Sluggish as this prick-ear one ! verily  
Not thy own wife could stir or waken him."

Between his rosy lips he laid the pipe  
And blew it shrilly : that loud sound did wake  
The sleeper : up sprang then two ears at once  
Above the grass ; up sprang the wrathful God  
And shook the ground beneath him with his leap.

But quite as quickly and much higher sprang  
The audacious boy, deriding him outright.

“Down with those arrows, wicked imp ! that bow,  
Down with it ; then what canst thou do ? ”

“What then,  
Pan, I can do, soon shalt thou see . . . There ! there ! ”

He spake, and threw them at Pan's feet : the bow,  
The golden bow, sprang up again, and flowers  
Cradled the quiver as it struck the earth.  
“ 'Twould shame me.”

“In my conflicts shame is none,  
Even for the vanquisht : check but wrath : come on :  
Come, modest one ! close with me, hand to hand.”

Pan rolled his yellow eyes, and suddenly  
Snatcht (as a fowler with his net, who fears  
To spoil the feathers of some rarer bird)  
Love's slender arm, taunting and teasing him  
Nearer and nearer. Then, if ne'er before,  
The ruddy color left his face ; 'tis said  
He trembled too, like one whom sudden flakes  
Of snow have fallen on, amidst a game  
Of quoits or ball in a warm day of spring.

“Go! go!” the Arcadian cried “and learn respect  
To betters, at due distance, and hold back  
Big words, that suit such littleness but ill.  
Why, anyone (unless thou wert a God)  
Would swear thou hast not yet seen thrice five years,  
And yet thou urgest . . nay, thou challengest  
Me, even me, quiet, and half-asleep.  
Off! or beware the willow-twigg, thy due.”

Now shame and anger seized upon the boy ;  
He raised his stature, and he aim'd a blow  
Where the broad hairy breast stood quite exposed  
Without the goatskin, swifter than the bird  
Of Jove, or than the lightning he has borne.  
Wary was the Arcadian, and he caught  
The coming fist : it burnt as burns the fire  
Upon the altar. The wise elder loost  
His hold, and blew upon his open palm  
From rounded cheeks a long thin breath, and then  
Tried to encompass with both arms the neck  
And waist of the boy God : with tremulous pulse  
He fain would twist his hard long leg between  
The smoother, and trip up, if trip he might,

The tenderer foot, and fit and fit again  
The uncertain and insatiate grasp upon  
A yielding marble, dazzling eye and brain.  
He could not wish the battle at an end,  
No, not to conquer ; such was the delight ;  
But glory, ah deceitful glory, seized  
(Or somewhat did) one born not to obey.  
When Love, unequal to such strength, had nigh  
Succumbed, he made one effort more, and caught  
The horn above him : he from Arcady  
Laught as he tost him up on high : nor then  
Forgot the child his cunning. While the foe  
Was crying " Yield thee," and was running o'er  
The provinces of conquest, now with one  
Now with the other hand, their pleasant change,  
Losing and then recovering what they lost,  
Love from his wing drew one short feather forth  
And smote the eyes devouring him. Then rang  
The rivers and deep lakes, and groves and vales  
Throughout their windings. Ladon heard the roar  
And broke into the marsh : Alphæus heard  
Stymphalos, Mænalos (Pan's far-off home),

Cyllene, Pholœe, Parthenos, who stared  
On Tegea's and Lycæosis affright.  
The winged horse who, no long while before,  
Was seen upon Parnassus, bold and proud,  
Is said (it may be true, it may be false)  
To have slunk down before that cry of Pan,  
And to have run into a shady cave  
With broken spirit, and there lain for years,  
Nor once have shaken the Castilian rill  
With neigh, or ruffling of that mighty mane.  
“ Hail, conqueror ! ” cried out Love : but Pan cried out  
Sadder, “ Ah never shall I see again  
My woodland realm ! ah never more behold  
The melting snow borne down and rolled along  
The whirling brook ; nor river full and large,  
Nor smooth and purple pebble in the ford,  
Nor white round cloud that rolls o'er vernal sky,  
Nor the mild fire that Hesper lights for us  
To sing by, when the sun is gone to rest.  
Woe ! woe ! the blind have but one place on earth,  
And blind am I . . blind, wander where I may !  
Spare me ! now spare me, Cupid ! 'Twas not I



Began the contest ; 'tis not meet for me  
First to ask peace ; peace, peace is all I ask ;  
Victory well may grant this only boon."  
Then held he out his hand ; but knowing not  
Whether he held it opposite his foe,  
Huge tears ran down both cheeks. Love grew more mild  
At seeing this, and said . .

“ Cheer up ! behold

A remedy ; upon one pact applied,  
That thou remove not this light monument  
Of my success, but leave it there for me.”

Amaranth was the flower he chose the first ;  
'Twas brittle and dropt broken ; one white rose  
(All roses then were white) he softly prest ;  
Narcissusses and violets took their turn,  
And lofty open-hearted lilies<sup>—</sup>their's,  
And lesser ones with modest heads just rais'd  
Above the turf, shaking alternate bells.  
The slenderest of all myrtle twigs held these  
Together, and across both eyes confined.  
Smart was the pain they gave him, first applied :  
He stamp't, he groan'd, he bared his teeth, and heaved

To nostril the broad ridges of his lip.  
After a while, however, he was heard  
To sing again ; and better rested he  
Among the strawberries, whose fragrant leaf  
Deceives with ruddy hue the searching sight  
In its late season : he grew brave enough  
To trill in easy song the pliant names  
Of half the Dryads ; proud enough to deck  
His beauty out . . down went at last the band.  
Renewed were then his sorrow and his shame.  
He hied to Paphos : he must now implore  
Again his proud subduer. At the gate  
Stood Venus, and spake thus.

“ Why hast thou torn  
Our gifts away ? No gentle chastisement  
Awaits thee now. The bands my son imposed,  
He would in time, his own good time, remove.  
O goat-foot ! he who dares despise our gifts  
Rues it at last. Soon, soon another \* wreath  
Shall bind thy brow, and no such flowers be there.”

\* After the death of Pitys he wore the pine.

## XXI. THE ALTAR OF MODESTY.

Where turns the traveler from Sparta's gate  
And looks toward Elis old citadel,  
Where the first ford runs with white rill across,  
Close by Eurotas was an altar rais'd  
To Modesty. 'Twas hither Leda brought  
Helen, whom Theseus lately bore away,  
And thus reproved her, where none heard beside.  
" O daughter ! how couldst thou have left thy home,  
Thy parents, thy twin-brothers, bright as stars ?  
With what persuasion could have toucht thy heart  
That Theseus ? Surely neither bland nor chaste,  
Nor even young. Me one more great allured  
Among the swans, in semblance of a swan ;  
Then did that cruel petulant deride,  
And more derided he the more I blusht ;  
Whom when I chided, he assumed a tone  
Of grief, and whined and muttered *Ah poor thing !*  
*Sad work with Leda !* How ashamed was I !  
Once I was passing by the wrestler's ring . .  
Not very near . . he slanted out his lips

Into a beak-like form ; another time  
He made short twitters from a hollow reed ;  
Another, down his shoulders he drew wings  
And shook (the wretch !) as any swan might shake.  
Bad ! but how bad grant Heaven thou hast not known !  
Come ; here the place is proper ; tell me all.”  
Then Helen . . yet some sighs she first breath’d forth ...  
“ If the false guest who ran away with me  
Was very bad, Pirithöus was worse ;  
For he had talkt and sung of me before,  
And rais’d me over all our Spartan maids,  
And, wild with rapture, shown me to his friend.  
O ! I will never dance again near him  
To celebrate Diana’s festival.”  
“ Talk to me now of Theseus, and none else,”  
Said Leda. She obeyed, and thus went on.  
“ Praising the joyous life in Cecrops-land,  
And brides and maidens with gold grasshoppers  
Among their hair embraided, he preferr’d  
The simple hair of Helen over gold.  
The men are brave at Athens, brave are they  
But gentle too : Pallas, however stern,

On them looks never sternly ; and each Grace  
Chastens their little faults and smiles them down.  
Then there are harps and dances that shake off  
The olives their white blossom ; then are there  
Theatricals all autumn, taught by him  
Who conquered India, and whose sole command  
Was that all mortals upon earth be blest.  
Theseus said *he* was wretched ; and his voice  
Proved it . . he pled for pardon ; as 'twere he  
Who did the harm ; as 'twere a crime to grieve.  
I was not very cruel, I confess ;  
Enough to seem a little so ; enough  
To look unpitying of his sighs and prayers.  
Then said I, ' Who would ever try the flame  
Of love, when under friendship's cooler shade  
He might repose, and there hear all commend  
Himself, and one whose courage fixt his choice  
To run with, ride, swim, wrestle, and converse.  
There is Pirithöus now . . young, ardent, prompt  
At anything with you : him you may make  
Your very counterpart . . more apt than I  
For arms, and more compliant to your will.

Such was that youth in beauty who was borne  
From Ida by the tawny bird of Jove,  
Such he who perisht by Apollo's quoit.  
But never can you hope for praise with me,  
Never to conquer or compose my fears '  
Then he. ' Not always, Helen, is the ear  
Inclined to praise ; not always is the breast  
Vacant to friendship. Often have the maids  
Of Sparta turn'd this friendship into blame.  
Soon in Pandion's city shalt thou see  
How warm the lover when so warm the friend.'  
' But they do say, O Theseus, they do say,  
That you once left behind you in that ile  
Famed for its hundred cities, one you loved.'  
And now, sweet mother, hear his own reply  
In refutation of that ill report.  
We know how cruel Minos is, we know  
The law imposed on Athens he subdued.  
Theseus's mother would have sent him here  
To free him from that law; but uncompe'l'd  
Sailed Theseus to Jove's birth-place ; there he slew  
The monster : Ariadne gave the thread



Fell from her eyes as the dense cloud dissolved.  
“ And now” said she “ since all turns out less ill  
Than might have happened, learn how better far,  
While thou wert absent, fared a wiser maid.  
The sacred torch in order due was borne  
Before Ulysses and Penelope.  
Icarius, tho’ their love he had approved  
And call’d his daughter’s chosen from his home,  
Tho’ above all men prudent, and expert  
In war by sea and land, and tho’ his ile  
Rose up securely from the rocks and waves,  
Icarius felt how sad and sorrowful  
Is the departure of a child we love.  
While those of his own age were seated by,  
The feast was well enough : ’twas not amiss  
To link the present and the past with flowers  
And cool the brow with ivy : then came sleep  
With mild and genial influence over him.  
But in the morning, when he sees the wreaths  
Hang limber round the cups and from the doors,  
And when he hears the neighing of the steeds  
That shake them, and remarks the servants run



Hither and thither, grief (til then remote)  
Strikes on his temples, and his ears sob loud,  
And his knees, tottering under him, give way."

"How piteous, poor Icarius!" Helen cried,  
"How cruel was Ulysses!"

"One alone  
Is crueler," said Leda, "she who leaves  
The fondest parent for a stranger's arms;  
And but one parent wretcheder than he . .  
The parent of that daughter." Then she askt  
Why Helen fled: but Helen turn'd aside  
The question, and "Heaven grant Penelope  
May be a blessing to her father yet!"  
At this ambiguous wish did Leda smile,  
And with one finger pat that pretty face,  
And draw the chin from forth the neck it prest.  
Helen then, looking round her, gravely said,  
"I will confess the whole, for I perceive  
You have no mind to ask me such odd things  
As that old woman did; she must be crazed.  
Unless she took me for a lion's cub  
Would she have whispered, 'didst thou bite the wretch?'

Then nods and winks, and winks and nods again,  
Words without meaning, meaning without words.  
Such manners, my sweet mother, may become  
Poor sister Clytemnæstra, never me :  
Never, when any hurt me, did I bite  
Or scratch ; I only trembled as, when all  
The strings of harp or lyre are swept at once,  
Water runs trembling to the vase's rim.”  
Leda had listened with her cheek prest down  
Against the turf, dreading to lift her eyes,  
And nipt unconsciously the tough grass-blades.  
“ He did not hurt thee then ? ” said she.

“ Nor wish

To hurt me,” said the maiden ; “ that he swore ;  
Nay, he protected me with arms and breast.”  
“ Gods ! Goddesses ! ” cried Leda, “ what a tale,  
O wretched one, is this ! go on, go on,  
Extinguish fear with anguish . . tell the whole.  
Not even the modest are from blame exempt,  
But thine, how great is thine ! If harsh and stern  
Thy sister Clytemnæstra would rebuke  
The audacious boys, and swell against their games,

Thou wouldst hear all they said and turn again,  
And ask them what they meant ; when they had said,  
Make them repeat it, and repeat the worst  
Thyself, and toss it back to them, and laugh.  
Something of sad there may be and severe  
In modesty at times, but there is power  
To quell it, and the brow whereon it hung  
Shows that serenity which shines from heaven."

Urged to confess, the daughter thus went on :  
" A grove there is, not very far away,  
But hidden from us by the town and hill,  
A gulley runs aside it, which the rains  
May fill in winter, but in summer-time  
Its course is dark with moss and crumbling mould.  
The winds had thrown a rough old tree across  
Whose bark and branches form'd an easy road.  
He saw it, Theseus did, and lept (and made  
Me leap too) from the car : he seated me  
Upon the grass : afraid that I might fear,  
He tried my bosom with such patient hand  
And took such gentle care of me, lest damp  
(The herbs were very damp there) or a stone

Or broken stick should hurt me” . .

Leda's breath

Wafted more quickly now her daughter's hair  
Across the shoulder. “ Nemesis will come  
Unless thou truly, fully, dost relate  
This horrid story.”

“ To repeat the whole  
Is difficult . . the way, the wood . . beside  
The seizure, the recovery . . these disturb  
My memory ; then my brothers, and their steeds,  
Shaking the harness that creakt thick with brass.  
Angry was Theseus . . gentle just before . .  
Rein'd in the horses, bounded from the car,  
And call'd down curses on his luckless head,  
First to himself, then louder . . bade me go . .  
Bade me stop where I was. Now other steeds  
Advancing,

“ ‘ Hush ! ’ he whispered ‘ Not a word ! ’

The coursers of the Twins aside of his  
Rear'd (pull'd up fiercely close to us) and chafed  
The foaming bits. Javelins are level'd ! ‘ Stop !  
Stop, robber ! we have arms, and thou hast none.’

Then lay they hands upon him, swift as stars  
That swell and struggle with a running stream.  
Their hands with open hand he turn'd aside,  
And 'Boys ! what would ye ? Think ye me afraid  
Of javelin ? I respect your tender age,  
Your parent's more advanced one I revere.  
Take back your sister in her purity ;  
I know by signs and tokens, to my vows  
Heaven is averse.' He paus'd, and they abstain'd.  
Then, rolling here and there his restless eyes,  
' And must the youthful Menelaüs wed  
Affianced Helen ? Beardless boys attract  
Wan withering age : but firmer manhood best  
Pleases the tenderer and more feeling maid ;  
Theseus might Helen. Why should fortune thwart ?  
Why should not Menelaüs take for bride  
Tall Clytemnæstra ? fair enough, and more  
Befitting that wild Argos, that coarse man.'  
Then said he, with wet cheek,

“ ‘ Prometheus ! bear  
The pouncing bird and bloody rock ; endure,  
Endure it all ; well mayst thou : lightnings strike

Thy sleepless eyes, eternal beaks devour  
Thy breast, thy liver, that but heave for them,  
Yet thou hast never seen another man  
Step to the chamber of thy soul's beloved.' "

It shamed the maiden to relate the first,  
The second part it pain'd her to relate,  
But every word she told, and every sigh ;  
Which, lest the mother should remark, she prayed  
To hear about Ulyssessis return.

Leda thus interwove it with advice.

" Whomever Love hath rightly joined, on those  
Life showers down golden days, and every hour  
Is bridal. Thou art young, and young the man  
Who seeks thee in espousal. Think how far  
Chaste love excels unchaster, and become  
A new Penelope. Her father ill  
Endured to lose her ; it was grief to say  
Farewell ; and he had said it : first he turn'd  
His face and bent it weeping to the wall,  
Then rais'd it ; for he heard the feet of steeds  
Distinctly . . indistinctly where the road  
Was paved no longer and was farther off.  
His spirit then broke down ; he rusht away,

Weaker with hurry, both in step and sight.  
He speeded ; he came up to them ; for soon  
Slackened his pace Ulysses, thus to hear  
Better the voice of her he bore away.  
Icarius, panting heavily, exclaimed,  
' Return her to me ! I did give . . 'tis true . .  
My treasure to thy prayers . . but then, O then  
I was not childless ; nor so deaf wert thou.  
Many there are who may please *thee* ; but one,  
One only, is the comfort of my age ;  
Give, give her back . . or both return with me.'  
Ulysses heard, and drew the reins in tight.  
Gently the bride received her sire, and wept  
Receiving him : her arm embraced his neck,  
And tenderest kisses cool'd his throbbing breast.  
The bridegroom then bespake him.

“ ‘ Sparta long  
Detained me, long and willingly ; but home  
Now calls me back ; I have a father there,  
A land, a people ; there too I have Gods  
Protectors, whom it were a sin to leave.’

“ ‘ If thou art pious,’ cried the father, ‘ here  
Display thy piety, and yield my child.’

“ ‘ Be hers the choice’ he answered.

“ At that word

Penelope cast on the ground her eyes ;  
Her right-hand held his garment ; she bent low  
To hide the anguish of her sobbing breast.  
‘ Choose !’ said the father. ‘ Think who bore thee ! think  
Of me thy father ! think, and pity me !’  
Tortured as was that bosom while he spoke,  
Silent for ever as she would remain,  
Yet when Ulysses added,

“ ‘ Speak, my own

Penelope !’ she lowered her face, she prest  
A closer arm around her father’s neck,  
But, covering with her veil her tearful eyes,  
Inclined her own upon the lover’s breast.  
Happier and prouder was the sire that day ;  
He entered with firm step his house again,  
And other fathers envied him ; they rais’d  
Amid the chaunting of our youths and maids  
(Why wert thou absent, Helen ?) rais’d of turf  
An altar dedicate to Modesty.”



## XXII. THE ESPOUSALS OF POLYXENA.

“ In Troy, O virgin, shall thy blood remain,  
And last beyond Achilles thy espoused.”  
So sang the Fates together ; and their song  
Now from Apollo’s mouth Polyxena,  
Led by her mother to the shrine, received.  
The mother chided with long speech her dread,  
Opening before her many happy days ;  
But none of them saw she : grave Hecuba  
Wondered that one so pious could despair.

“ How, when thus deigns Apollo to confirm  
His oracle with omens ! What large light  
Smiles over heaven ! and sweeter breathes the air  
Since thy return, sweet as it was before.  
Lo ! the flowers rise thro’ the first dust of spring  
As if no enemy had trodden them,  
And often by one bramble are two graves  
United o’er the slayer and the slain :  
Such and so many are the signs of peace.”

“ I see, I feel it,” sighed Polyxena.  
“ Even that dust which now the tepid breeze

Blows over us, once lived with Trojan blood,  
And that blood's moisture fed these very flowers.  
O sun ! thou shinedst with no other light  
When the Achaian keels first scraped our shores,  
With light no other when Achilles shook  
Our walls with war-cry, car, and clattering arms,  
Alas ! and with no other when our Gods  
Departed, and left Hector maim'd and dead."

Saddened at this, the mother then exclaimed  
" Why have I broken silence ? On this day  
I had ceast weeping for my children slain,  
For now Pelidesis fierce valour comes  
To save us, not to crush us ; and dost thou,  
Impious ! hold back ? nor see our Gods return'd ?  
Ruling o'er kings, with ancient wealth elate,  
And hastening to show Asia, won at last,  
United to Mycenai, and restore  
Helen, in vain by adverse Mars opposed,  
Atrides would far rather him for son  
Than all those glories, all that wealth and power.  
Iphigeneia did not thus refuse  
When he was drawn reluctantly to arms,

Intact his shining shield : the goddess-born,  
The born to procreate a race of gods  
Thou wavest from thee. She pour'd forth her blood  
That Troy might fall not, that thy hand might save.  
But thou hast gathered up the random words  
My poor Cassandra utters : thou hast fears,  
And fearest not Achilles ! ”

Then submit

Replied the daughter.

“ If the Gods command

My marriage, as indeed they do command,  
Or even my slavery, to them I bow ;  
There is no hardship, there is no disgrace ;  
But, mother, let me weep ; my parent's will,  
Since they do not relent, I must obey.  
I must be given up to him whose car  
Drag'd Hector, drag'd stil breathing, thro' the sands  
We tread on, where we promise faith and love,  
And praise the Gods for this. Pity my grief ;  
It never can diminish. Can the Gods  
Themselves, who see and bid and do such things,  
Show me one joy my broken heart may hold ?

O tombs ! O thou before me, which the last  
Of friendship twined with brittle cypress-leaves,  
Wither'd and shed, and prest the turf close round !  
And all ye others, numberless, that draw  
The short thin grass about more recent bones !  
Ye are the boundaries of weal and woe.  
But we have promist if Apollo wills . .  
Ensue but peace from it ! . . Enough ! my troth  
Is plighted . . Mother ! mother ! I comply."

Then Hecuba, and gaspt with grateful tears.  
" My last-born child ! my life's last, only, hope !  
What joy, how intermitted, do thy words  
Restore ! Believe me, my beloved one,  
Not what thou fanciest is thy valiant spouse.  
The fates and fortunes of an aged king,  
The roof that Gods have dwelt beneath, now touch  
His generous bosom, deeplier stil thy youth  
And beauty : these perhaps, and these alone,  
Have made him ask what else he might have seiz'd.  
Beside he fear'd (he could not fear that thou  
Wouldst be, as was Briseis, unavenged)  
He fear'd lest thou by lot shouldst be transfer'd

To that proud tyrant as his lawful prize ;  
For sure enough his prescient mind foresaw  
The fall of Ilion and . . forgive me, Heaven !  
For uttering it . . Palladium he derides,  
And dreads not any God since Hector slain."

Beneath the hill where stand the towers of Troy  
The open plain buzzed all the way with crowds,  
From the warm channel of the stony brook  
Quite to the brakes of Ida ; tired of fight,  
Yet resolute, if need, to fight again ;  
But hoping now, from every omen, peace.  
Mixt with the Dardans in Apollo's fane  
The Achaian chieftains divers thoughts revolved.  
One blamed Æacides, Atrides one,  
Many the downfall of the town delaid,  
Many saw treachery, hid from the unwise,  
And some smelt treasure stealthily received  
And knew whose tent 'twas under.

•

To that fane

Went Priam and the consort of his realm.  
There followed these, but followed slow, thro' grief  
At many losses in each house, his friends

And kindred, and that progeny erewhile  
So numerous and so prodigal of life :  
His veil'd stepdaughters closed the stately train,  
Led veil'd not long ago for no such hour :  
Alone, at home, to while that hour away,  
Andromache, oft chided by her child,  
Sate, and turn'd slow the spindle, sorrowing.  
Meantime how many hearts are throbbing quick  
To see so many famous men so nigh,  
And know those arms and faces, ill discern'd  
Amid the whirl of war. Onward they press  
And onward ; then halt suddenly ; some fear  
Lurks with them stil ; they call it pious awe,  
And, better to dissemble, crouch before  
The feet and altar of their placid God.  
Polyxena, for whom they all make way,  
Grasps, without knowing it, the hand she dreads.  
Beauteous, more beauteous even than she . . surpast  
By Helen only, in that snow-white brow  
And eyes before whose light Apollo's fell,  
Rushes with shrill loud shout thro' friend and foe,  
Cassandra.

Silent, trembling, stood they all,  
As if some God had entered ; she alone  
Could speak ; and thus (words not her own) she spake.  
“ Hopest thou, sister ! sister ! happy days  
Awaiting thee ? Look thou at Troy, behold  
The work of Neptune and Apollo, Troy,  
Ramparts and towers that Pallas dwells within.  
I see them totter under arms and flames,  
And Simöis and Xanthus swift with blood.  
Behold ! the ruin comes when war hath ceast,  
And Gods and sons of Gods walk slow with wounds.  
O flower ! which yonder fierce Thessalian hand  
Is plucking, on what altar art thou laid ?  
Why blaze so the Sigæan shores, the torch  
Unkindled yet ; those rocks of Tenedos,  
Why throw they back again that trailing light ?  
Fly ! let us fly ! Citheron, and the towers  
Chaonian, the Ceraunian rocks, the strand  
Of Achelöus (hear !) reverberate  
The clamour, the loud plaint of Ilion.  
Behold the monster scale the walls, and champ  
The marble manger ! hear his voice ! his voice

Is human! Why delay? What idle words!  
Rise, O my parents! O my kindred, rise!  
Turn from the realms of Thrace your sight away!  
Whither, O Polydoros, callest thou?  
What does that shady cornel show and hide?  
Why, as they drop and bound and roll along,  
Tinkle the loose stones from that recent tomb?  
Ah me, who can not drown such sights in tears  
Nor scatter them in madness! Sweet espoused  
Sister! who sittest with thine arms unbound  
That thy pure bosom may receive the sword,  
To me hold forward, while thou canst, those arms,  
And give undying love one long embrace.  
Save, save her, Pyrrhos! By thy father's shade!  
Guiltless is she! Spare! Dying I implore,  
And will implore it, in, and after, death."  
Uttering these words, her handmaids closed around  
And took her to the cool and quiet gloom  
Of her own chamber. In the fane meanwhile  
A buz is heard. An arrow slid unseen  
Amid the tumult, and so far transfixt  
The sinew of Achilles in the heel



That the brass barb clankt on the marble floor.  
The chiefs around him saw him bend and glare  
Terrific ; then they saw the shaft, and then  
A globe of blood. They seize their spears ; they tear  
Vervain and olive (now no sign of peace)  
From every helm, and throw and stamp them down.  
Nor would they now hear Priam, scattering dust  
On his thin hair, nor would they mind the spouse,  
Sinking as if in death : no, nor did he,  
Her wooer, aid, or ask for aid himself.  
He saw his hour draw nigh, and brought to mind  
Predictions, but coerced the rising wrath  
Of those around, and gave these last commands.  
“ Peace ! ’tis my will. Let never mortal dare  
Avenge Achilles : from this blood hath sprung  
One worthy to avenge it, one alone.  
Alcimos and Automedon ! return  
And keep my Myrmidons within the camp,  
Lest they should lose obedience and due awe  
Of those whose orders bear no dreadful mark.  
Diomed ! Ajax ! leave me ; leave a frame  
Unequal to the weakest thing alive.

No ; leave me not : bear me away : let none  
Who hate or fear me, see me and rejoice.  
Ah ! must the flocks and herds of humbled Troy  
Tread on my bones and pasture on my tomb ?  
Cease, whosoe'er thou art, cease thou whose tears  
Drop hot upon my shoulder ! Fain my eyes  
Would look on thee, but they are turn'd to iron,  
And may not know again thy friendly face.  
Fate calls for me. Take from my neck your arms ;  
They weary me ; they weigh me down ; worn out,  
With heavy languor's deadly bale consumed.  
I grieve not that Larissa holds the bones  
Of my forefathers in their quiet graves ;  
I grieve not for my mother in the halls  
Of Tethys, from the power of Death exempt ;  
I grieve that Ilion should be thus avenged  
Without her thousands fallen round me slain.  
“ Dark art thou, standing o'er my head, O Death !  
Most bitter is this wound ; it smites my heart.  
Open the turf afresh, remove the stone  
And the black fragments of the boughs above ;  
The urn that holds Patroclos, now shall hold

Achilles : then push from the shore my barks,  
And, if your great Atrides grant you leave,  
Bring back from Pthia (now at play perhaps  
With some new armour, and in hopes to share  
His father's glory, not to hold his place)  
My own brave boy, predestined to bring down  
That ruin which the Pelian shaft prepared.

“ Hear ye my voice ? or fall my words in vain  
Attempts to reach you ? Troubled so my mind,  
I do not know what wishes I exprest  
Or what I left unuttered. Far from you  
Be such oblivion . . of a dying friend !  
And now that Orcos hurries me away,  
My shade may all the greater shades receive  
And all the lesser fear !

“ Farewell, farewell,  
My far-off Pyrrhos ! Ah ! what care shall guide  
Thy youth ? in thee what Chiron shall rejoice ?  
No hand of father to applaud thy lyre,  
Thy javelin, or thy chariot, known and hail'd  
By all beholders in the foremost dust.”

XXIII. DRYOPE.

Famous and over famous Œta reign'd  
 Dryops : him beauteous Polydora bare  
 To the river-god Sperchios : but above  
 Mother and sire, far brighter in renown,  
 Was Dryope their daughter, the beloved  
 Of him who guides thro' heaven his golden car.  
 Showering his light o'er all things, he endues  
 All things with colour, grace and song gives he,  
 But never now on any condescends  
 To lower his shining locks ; his roseate lips  
 Breathe an ambrosial sigh on none but her.  
 He follows that shy Nymph thro' pathless ways,  
 Among the willows in their soft grey flowers,  
 In their peel'd boughs odorous, and amid  
 The baskets white and humid, incomplete :  
 He follows her along the river-side,  
 Soft to the foot and gladdened by the breeze ;  
 He follows where the Nereids watch their fords  
 While listen the Napæan maids around.  
 Tending one day her father's sheep, she heard

A flute in the deep valley ; then a pipe ;  
And soon from upright arms the tymbrel trill'd.  
Dryads and Hamadryads then appear'd,  
And one among them cried to her aloud  
“ Knowest thou not the day when all should sing  
*Pæan* and *Io Pæan* ? Shunnest thou  
The lord of all, whom all the earth adores,  
Giver of light and gladness, warmth and song ?  
And willest thou that Dryops stand above  
Admetos ? from thy sight thus banishing  
And shutting from thy fold the son of Jove.”

She, proud and joyous at the gay reproof,  
Stood silent. They began the dance and games.  
And thus the day went on. When evening came  
They sang the hymn to Delios. Nigh the seat  
Of Dryope, among the tufts of grass,  
A lyre shone out ; whose can it be, they ask ;  
Each saw the next with her's upon her knee ;  
Whether Theano's or Autonoe's gift,  
Dryope takes it gratefully, and trills  
The glimmering strings : and now at one she looks,  
Now at another, knowingly, and speaks

(As if it heard her) to it, now on lap  
 And now on bosom fondly laying it.  
 Behold ! a snake, a snake, it glides away.  
 They shriek : and each one as she sate reclined  
 Throws her whole body back. Striving to rise,  
 Autonoe prest upon a fragile reed  
 Her flattened hand, nor felt it : when she saw  
 The blood, she suckt the starting globe, and sought  
 The place it sprang from. Hither, thither, run  
 The maidens. But the strings, and tortoise-shell  
 That held them at due distance, are instinct  
 With life, and rush on Dryope, too slow  
 To celebrate the rites the sires had taught  
 And Delios had ordain'd. One whom the flight  
 Left nearest, turn'd her head, stil flying on,  
 Fearful til pity overcame her fear,  
 And thus she cried aloud.

“ Look back ! look back !

See how that creature licks her lips, her eyes,  
 Her bosom ! how it seizes ! how it binds  
 In the thick grass her struggles ! Where is now,  
 Where is Apollo proud of Python slain ?

Whether she sinn'd thro' silliness or dread,  
Poor inexperienced girl ! are snakes to teach ?  
Are they fit bonds for love ? can fear persuade ?  
Phœbus ! come hither ! aid us ! Ah, what now  
Would the beast do ? how swells his horrid crest ? ”  
Various and manifold the dragon brood.  
Some urge their scales along the ground, and some  
Their wings aloft, some yoked to fiery cars,  
And some, tho' hard of body, melt in air.

Callianira now was brave enough  
To stop her flight : on the first hill she rais'd  
Her eyes above the brambles, just above,  
And caught and held Diaule at her side,  
Who, when she stopt her, trembled more and more.  
But arguments are ready to allay  
Her terror ; all strong arguments, like these.  
“ Are there not many things that may deceive  
The sight at first ? might not a lizard seem  
A dragon ? and how pleasant in hot days  
To hold a lizard to the breast, and tempt  
Its harmless bitings with the finger's end !  
Dragon or lizard, rare the species is.

What ! are they over . . Dryope's alarms ?  
 She treats it like a sister. Lo ! her hand  
 Upon its neck ! and, far as we are off,  
 Lo ! how it shines ! as bright as any star.  
 Vainly exhorts she, first Autonœ,  
 And then Diaule, to come on ; alone  
 She ventures ; vainly would they call her back.

And now again the creature is transform'd.  
 Lizard nor serpent now, nor tortoise-shell  
 Chelys, is that which purple flutters round,  
 And which is whiter here and darker there,  
 Like violets drifted o'er with shifting hail.  
 Golden the hair that fluctuates upon neck  
 None of its own. A bland ethereal glow  
 Ran over and ran thro' the calmer maid.  
 At last her fellow Nymphs came all around,  
 And Delios stood before them, manifest  
 No less to them than to his Dryope :  
 For with a radiant nod and arm outstretcht  
 He call'd them back ; and they obey'd his call.  
 He lookt upon them, and with placid smile  
 Bespake them, drawing close his saffron vest.



Their eyes were lower'd before him as they stept  
Into his presence ; well they knew what fears  
He shook throughout the Dryads, when he gave  
His steeds and chariot to his reckless son,  
When the woods crasht and perisht under him,  
And when Eridanos, altho' his stream  
Flows down from heaven, saw its last ripple sink.  
Well they remembered how Diana fled  
Among the woods and wilds, when mightier bow  
Than hers was strung, and Python gaspt in death.  
Potent of good they knew him, and of ill,  
And closed the secret in their prudent hearts.  
At first they would have pitied the hard fate  
Of Dryope ; but when she answered not  
The words of pity, in her face they lookt  
Stealthily.

Soft the moisture of her brow,  
Languid the luster of her eyes ; a shame  
Rosier and richer than before suffused  
Her features, and her lips were tinged with flame  
A God inspired, and worthy of that God.

Each had her little question ; but she stopt

As tho' she would reprove : at this they ply  
Joke after joke, until they bring her home.  
All they had known they would make others know,  
But they had lookt too near and seen too well,  
And had invoked the God with dance and hymn ;  
Beside, Diana would have sore avenged  
Her righteous brother, who deals openly  
With mortals, and few facts from them conceals.

Dryope soon became Andraemon's wife,  
And mother of Amphissos. Every spring  
They chaunt her praises ; her's, who trill'd so well  
The plectron of Apollo ; in the vale ;  
Of her own shady Ceta do they sing.

## XXIV. CORYTHOS.

Cenone had been weeping, but her tears  
The bitter blast had dried ; for on the top  
Of Ida stood she, on that pale short grass  
Where the wind whirl'd the pine-cones, rolling them  
Along their narrow and hard-pointed leaves.

Hence she beheld the temples and the town  
Of Dardanos, now fated, and discern'd  
The house of him she loved : then from the woods  
She call'd out Corythos ; and thus she spake.

“ Go, my child, go. Within the walls of Troy  
One is there who will love and cherish thee,  
Thee, but without thy mother ! Yes, there lives  
Thy father . . but how short a time to live  
Alas ! he knows not : for from Lemnos comes  
In safety Philoctetes, and he brings  
Those arrows with him, those of Hercules,  
By which the Fates have sung that he must fall.  
Unwelcome thou wilt not be (for no son  
Hath she) to Helen, if that head so dear  
Thou rescuest from perdition : he himself  
May not perhaps forget those days serene  
That shone on him and me ; may not forget  
How once the poplar bore upon its bark  
Two names united. If unmindful now,  
Unmindful he will cease to be at sight  
Of thee : if bad the husband, he will be  
The better father for that very cause,

And own he owes his life to Corythos,  
To thee, deserted Corythos ! his son."

Embracing him, she mingled with embrace  
Kisses and tears ; and then consign'd him, loth,  
To an old guide . . but often called him back,  
Repeating the same orders ; to avoid  
The sail-white waters and the secret bays,  
And every place where Grecian might abide.

They winde their way down the steep braky road.  
Then, when their voices she could hear no more,  
Nor see the birds their shouts and stones had scared,  
Turn'd she her face, and this lone plaint began !

" Aërial mountains ! woods, where Gods reside,  
And Corythos was cradled ! you I see,  
But him I see no longer, to these eyes  
Dearer than light ! Before him Paris went  
And never more return'd : no love remains  
For me, no pledge of love ! Not only lost  
Are former joys, but lost is also he  
Who brought them back to me, by step, by mien,  
By play, by prattle, and could half-persuade  
That nothing was amiss or ought to grieve me.

Him too I now am parted from, and yield  
Almost without reluctance, tho' the sole  
Calmer and comforter of every pang,  
That happier days be his than have been mine.  
Yet all things (how can I believe my eyes ?)  
Appear the same as ever : Xanthos flows,  
And Simöis, in the morning light as clear,  
And Tenedos seems only one vast rock  
Upon the whitening reflux of the waves.  
In form too and in features I myself  
Remain the same ; for age can not consume  
Nor change them. Ah, sad thought ! how fugitive  
The gifts I catch at ! Like the snow beneath  
A southern wind, thy form, CEnone, wanes  
And wastes, unhappy ! in the sight of him  
Thou holdest ever lovely, ever dear.

“ How easy it is to mow down the bloom  
Of life, and sow the open breast with cares !  
How soon, when faith is shaken, youth is shed !  
Irrevocable days bear heavily  
Upon the sinking heart, but heavier far  
The future anguish of the fondly loved.

“Asterope ! my sister ! happy thou  
In thy espousals ! Can then Œsacos  
Be kin to Paris ? brother ? But the one  
The mild Arisbe bore, the other sprang  
From Hecuba, a violent River’s child.  
I envy not the happy ones alone,  
But even the wretched who have left the light  
Of upper air ; the maiden whose stern sire  
Hath turn’d the torch of Hymen from her path,  
And widow on whose bridal bed there hung  
The withering garlands. Grief that death has brought  
Time in the course of nature bears away.

“Where Nile throws open his wide chamber, strewn  
With lotus ; where, to sight insuperable,  
The holy Ganges rolls his stream from high.  
If Memnon’s mother rise before the sun  
To weep for him ; if ye too, O ye Nymphs  
Of ocean ! have beheld how great the grief  
Of Thetis ; how, when Glaucos would advise,  
She fled from comfort, fled from Triton’s song  
And Doris and her daughters who sate round ;  
If by the walls of Neptune all the maids

And matrons wail'd at Hector's late-rai'd bier,  
Stil Hector's was Andromache, as when  
Their child was frightened at his nodding crest  
And heroes fled before him : his was she  
In death, nor severed from him by the tomb.  
Deserves Ænone then a harder fate ?

“ What is my fault ? unless a fault it be  
To sit secluded at the dens of beasts,  
Where bear and wolf break slumbers just begun,  
And where the mighty mother of the Gods  
Drags the reluctant lions to her wheels ;  
Unless it be a fault to have remain'd  
So faithful to the faithless, nor have breath'd  
Complaint to other than the passing wind.  
There are kind Gods who may deem otherwise.  
Howe'er that happen, brighter be the days  
Of Corythos, and nobler his pursuits  
Than creeping to draw meshes round the nides  
Of birds now mute, and gather'd close in fields  
White with the steril stubble or hard snow.  
Happier be thou, my child ! if Gods look down  
On pious prayers, and children are exempt

From retribution for parental guilt."

Meanwhile the youth was looking up the walls  
And wondering at their highth, and how they stood  
Defiant of so long and fierce a war.

"But where is that old fig-tree? where the spot  
Whence Hector, my brave uncle, met in fight  
Achilles? where did Venus cast the cloud  
Around my father?"

And he siez'd the hand  
Of his old guide each time he askt and heard.  
Ascending up to Pergama, before  
The gate an elder of the town he sees,  
And asks him whereabout stands Priam's house.  
His guide represses him, and says,

"We go  
To Helen."

"Go then," cried the aged man,  
"Readily may that fatal pest be found,  
And none is wanted here to show the way."

Around his neck sprang the Idæan boy  
And "Blessed!" cried he, "blessed be whoe'er  
Thus deeply hates my mother's injurer.



With me most virtuous is it to abhor  
That Spartan. To none other house go I,  
Than the king's own, where with *his* father dwells  
*My* father ; where the chaste Andromache  
Bemoans her husband on the ground he trod ;  
Where now a wanton one, who fears not Pan  
Nor Jove himself, with nimble needle paints  
For altars, none of theirs, fine tapestry,  
Or plucks the harpstrings with a Sphynxis nail."

Many had seen and past them as they spake ;  
One, 'twas a female, hesitated, stopt,  
And askt them if from Ida they had seen  
The Grecian ships departing ? were the winds  
So fair ? and, while the elder she addrest,  
She gazed upon the younger. He was toucht  
To see her cheek grow pale and red by turns ;  
Nor quite unmoved the elder : to himself  
Said he " When beauty such as this shines forth  
From Ilion, who would ever lend his ear  
Even when a Goddess may have promist more ? "

Now saw the youth, who saw them not til now,  
Maidens behind her, beauteous, with succinct

Vesture and braided hair ; graceful their form,  
And modest their demeanour : not so quick  
Bounded his bosom when the boar rusht out  
Against the meshes, when the cornel spear  
Hist on the bristles of his vaulted back,  
The curv'd tusk gnasht, and the black blood boil'd o'er.  
Whither they bent their way she now inquired.  
The elder answered her.

“ We bend our way  
Where dwelt Assaracos, and Paris dwells.”  
Then she.

“ The road is safer if I guide,  
And you will easier see whom you require,  
Soon coming homeward from the citadel :  
For clamour there was heard at early dawn  
Along the coast, and then a boat appear'd,  
And an old man stept out. Ulysses met  
This stranger. Now, throughout the orchards, crofts,  
And little gardens next the sandy beach,  
The sailors gathered vervain, gathered bay,  
And with fresh garlands every prow was trim'd.  
Our leaders think this surely must denote

Good Fortune, favorable oracles ;  
And grant, ye Gods ! the anchors heave at last."

The old Idæan shook his head, and spake.

" He who arrives is one they left behind,  
Is Philoctetes ; and the arms he bears  
Were once the arms of Hercules : the bow  
Of Nessos, and the arrows dipt in blood  
Of Hydra, come to light the pyre of Troy."

Struck by his speech, the more she wisht to ask  
The quicker stept she, and the more she urged  
The maidens to step on : she flew, but lookt  
On Corythos in flying.

Just below

The citadel a gorgeous palace stood ;  
She enter'd, followed by the trembling maids ;  
The Idæans followed slower.

As they pass

The house of Hector, they observe young girls,  
Too young for foresight, thence less wretched yet,  
And matrons calm, and widows unconsolated,  
Bring honey to his Manes : and with these  
They mourn, and shudder at the silent hall ;

Chilly and lying waste with Hector's death.

At last to Parisis abode they come.

Bidden to enter here, the spacious courts,

The lofty columns, the resplendent gods

Of brass and marble, the smooth steps and wide,

And the vast portals and resounding valves,

Strike them with admiration and with awe.

How many ivory statues breathe around !

How many golden ! nor do fewer move

In the warm colours emulous of life.

To the Dictæan king had Dædalos

Given a part of these ; his daughter gave

The same to Theseus ; Theseus gave the same

To Helen, when he hoped to bear her off

To pleasant Athens from her mother's side.

And she afforded no few scenes for art,

No few her mother. Here first recognized

The Idæans Helen. She in every game

Stood forth the fairest with her locks of gold,

While all the potent of the sea and sky

Gazed with proud smile benevolent ; but Jove

Above them all : complacently he watcht

His progeny by water and by land  
Whatever she was doing. Venus came  
Close after her, while upon high the swans  
Archt their proud necks. Another time (so great  
The skill which Venus only could inspire)  
You would have thought them circling round and round.

There is a record in the courts of heaven,  
Sometimes brought out and whispered on, that once  
Among the reeds and cane-beds Jove assumed  
The figure of a swan, and thus beguiled  
Her mother Leda ; while the river swans,  
To kindred strangers evermore averse,  
Sate silent, and lookt all another way,  
So fear'd they that surpassing one, and drave  
The swimmer boys afar with threatening beaks  
And swinging circuit of expanded vans.  
Therefor 'twas his decree that none beside  
Should draw her chariot on high days, when moved  
By gift of hero or by prayer of God.

Tyndaris now told Paris all she knew  
From the old shepherd, save what mother bore  
The youth, and whose his beauteous face was like.

Such once was Alexander, then the guest  
Of Sparta : but not yet ten years of war  
Had he encountered, not yet fled the sword  
Of Diomed, inglorious and disgraced. .  
He now sate smiling at the tremulous tones  
Of Helen ; and then smooth'd her troubled brow,  
Touching and kissing it : at last more grave  
These words he uttered, and assumed his seat.  
“ That Philoctetes in a far-off ile  
Rests at this moment on a fallen beech  
His heavy wound : a bird's wing drives away  
The bite of beast and insect. When he feels  
Eagle's or vulture's shadow over him,  
He tries in vain to lift his weary lids  
And cry so weak it drops into his breast.  
He who thus suffers from a faithless friend,  
Left on the shore to hunger and to thirst,  
And hear the oars sound less and less distinct  
At every stroke, and songs as they depart  
Float on the summer air, so joyously  
To them, to him so sadly, first and last,  
Deploring that immedicable wound . .

Arrow hath he dipt in Lernæan blood ?  
But grant he land upon that very coast,  
What ills, what dangers, menace us ? he sees  
That chariot broken which drag'd Hector, sees  
The tomb of Ajax, and may know again  
The arms that Thetis vainly brought her son.  
And this, Neptunian Troy ! the man is this  
Who comes against thee now and works thy fall ;  
'Tis time to turn our backs, to leave our homes,  
Unshaken wall, unviolated fane,  
Rais'd by Minerva, citadel which she  
And Venus with her equally protects,  
And over which (to Agamemnon's house  
For ever hostile) in the light of day  
Apollo hath been seen and hath been heard  
Exhorting us, and scaring back the foe.  
Ulysses, that great queller of our hosts,  
Brings Philoctetes now ! now let us fly  
Even to Mycenai : let us carry now  
Within our quailing bosoms all those Gods  
(Among the rest Palladium) who have stood  
Stabile and strong against all former wars,

And to Diana let us sacrifice  
Upon the summit of Taigetos.  
The rampire of the Achaians, true enough,  
Is mingled with the yellow sea-shore sand,  
Scattered the Myrmidons, the Dorian camp  
Wide open : that is little : but behold  
How fulminates against our feebleness  
The stout successor of Achilles slain !  
When their own walls were standing round the Greeks,  
When Juno exercised her vengeful sway  
And arm'd the fist of Diomed, when safe  
Behind his seven-fold shield their Ajax stood,  
And the proud man of Nereid mother sprung  
Loosen'd with blood the Ætionæan towers,  
Such idle terrors with indignant soul  
I would spurn from me. Are no gifts of heaven  
Vouchsafed to me ? no Venus marks me out ?  
And no Apollo breathes into my breast ? ”

His boasts encouraged her, his scornful smile  
Arous'd her and refresht.

Some days had past,  
And Corythos grew willing to believe



His step-dame was kind-hearted. Not alone  
Her countenance, so bland and beautiful,  
Rais'd her beyond all mortals : he admired  
One who could place herself amid the low,  
Could smile with them and weep with them, and view  
On the same level all, herself above  
All things the world's eternal walls contain.  
Nor wonderful nor great could aught appear  
To one so far supreme, nor would she turn  
Her face from Irus at the feasts of Jove.  
Corythos now she knew : he did not wish  
Concealment of his origin, nor might  
Such wish avail him when she saw him more.  
The causes of his coming she inquired,  
And gave him courage as she gave her hand.  
At first he was ashamed he could not hate  
His step-dame ; now, that he had ever tried.  
He hangs upon her words ; what words ! how sweet  
In utterance ! from what high serenity  
Of brow descending on his softened heart !  
“ Ever too bold the brave and beautiful ! ”  
Sighed she, “ but even the stoutest well may start

At the close graves along the uneven sands,  
The scattered bones whitening beneath their pyres  
Where sharp winds flake them, and doom'd cypresses  
That darken Ida's brow, to burn on more.  
Surely 'tis sad enough were only joys  
And pleasures torne away, without the tomb  
With its cold shadows filling up their place."

Kind words she spake, and kinder deeds prepared,  
But doubted when, how, where, she might surprise  
Her Paris with his semblance in his child.  
Rarely hath any beauteous mother borne  
Progeny like herself: the gods who once  
Have listened to the prayer, look seldom down  
A second time upon their suppliant.  
She thought of this; she thought of one so young  
As not to know her mother's flight; and thick  
Came forth her groans; unconsciously the name  
Of her first husband followed them.

"Ah why

Hath never messenger rejoiced my ear  
Telling me what thou art, Hermione!  
And how thy little playmate hath grown up,

Orestes."

Seeking how she might retain  
The unsteady love of Paris, oft she wisht  
A son were hers like Corythos, resolved  
To make him hers by gentle offices  
And (if there be atonement) to atone  
For what his mother suffered by her fault.

"O Ageläos!" she exclaimed, "thy cares  
Have rear'd both sire and son: the fatal torch  
Extinguisht thou hast seen, and now wouldst see  
Him who was fancied to have brought it home,  
Yet who, in Ilion saved, himself is safe.  
But haste not, let his son repeat to him  
His mother's words and have the first embrace."

"No counsel else" replied the aged man  
"Did Cebren's daughter give me: but altho'  
I may retrace the features so beloved  
In childhood, ill may Paris recognise  
Old Ageläos, in his wrinkled cheeks,  
Grey temples, and that slow and spiritless  
Movement where years are crowded upon years.  
Perhaps he may not wish to see again

The once familiar who hath followed up  
A better course than he : the royal heir  
May need me not, yet Corythos stil needs  
My help . . to fail him but in death alone."

Various the thoughts of Helen : she resolved  
At last that Corythos should meet his sire  
When Bacchus has thrown open the warm breast,  
And when the harp is ringing, and the room  
Round the high lamp is bright and jubilant.  
Often she schem'd this interview : at length  
The day is come.

The Trojans sing again  
Gay songs, long intermitted, half-afraid  
Lest skilful Paris gently reprehend  
Words ill-remember'd, notes irregular ;  
The times had deaden'd so the unworthy strings.  
Now censers burning all around reflect  
The images that hold them, images  
Of youths whose left-hand holds long garments back ;  
Scarlet and purple tapestry glows above  
As if the sun had lighted it, and higher  
Redden more dim the cedar's vaulted beams,

Thro' whose compartments had mimetic art  
Displaid the deep clear azure, with its stars,  
Where dwell in still serenity the Blest.  
Along the hearth shoots forth a lambent flame ;  
The house-hold Gods smile with it, Paris smiles,  
And she, the heaven-descended, whom he loves.  
The hearts of both with placid course and full  
Joy overflows and every hour expands :  
Hour more propitious than the present none  
Could meet her wishes. Slight inquietude  
There is in his delay. Sometimes she breaks  
The thread of her discourse to list awhile,  
Then takes it up uneven, then replies  
Wide of the question she hath seem'd to hear.

Silence ! here enters Corythos ! He starts  
At the broad splendour ; at the regal form  
Of Paris now before him : to approach  
His mighty sire he burns, but then draws back  
His foot, and looks at Helen. This the prince  
Observing . . this . . the bashfulness of youth . .  
The step so suddenly withdrawn . . the breast  
Heaving . . the brow disturb'd . . the voice extinct . .

No colour in the cheek . . no name announced . .  
No office . . but from graceful shoulders flowing  
The very vest which Helen once had spun  
For young Atrides, waiting his return,  
In earlier days, when him alone she loved . .  
These things together strike him with the force  
Of thunderbolt : up springs he : on that vest  
He siezes ; casts it from him ; with his sword  
Smites the boy's neck, his face, his side ; spurns off  
His hands to heaven appealing, and hears nought  
But, struggling hard with blood, his dying groan.

Such the last day of Corythos ! the last  
Of peace to Paris and that gentlest dame  
Of stepdames. When she saw the youth sink down  
And all the furies urging Paris on,  
Her senses left her : on the ivory couch  
Cold lay her limbs as though she lay in death.  
Her husband's wrath heard not the groan profound  
When his child roll'd before him and his eyes  
Lookt up to him once more, swam, sank, and closed.

He bursts away and calls upon the Gods  
Who punish perjuries ; as if no God

Had noticed his ; as if 'twere very hard  
Deceiver should be in his turn deceived.

When Ageläos heard the sad report,  
Vengeance he called on Helen, vengeance call'd  
On Paris : ashes o'er his head he heapt,  
And, praying death may intercept him, bent  
His homeward way. What should he there relate ?  
Whose thanks bring back ? a parent's ? overjoyed  
To find a son beyond all hope, a son  
Long absent, latest, dearest, gift of her  
He had deserted ! who, of him deprived,  
Would miss his voice and face, all day, all night,  
Sole solace of those long and weary hours,  
But who, to turn aside the death she fear'd  
For that most cruel father, bade the boy  
Go seek him . . seek him in the stranger's house,  
The base adulteress who had wrought her woe.  
Grief, anger, virtue, shake his breast at once ;  
Fain would he fly from Ida.

When the sire  
Knew the sad truth, upon his son's cold cheek  
A thousand kisses did his lips impress ;

He expiated (if grief could expiate)  
His crime with bitter grief, and built up high  
A pile of cypress to receive the corse ;  
And thus the lately found, by name (before  
Unknown) in broken accents he bewail'd.

“ Wept on no humble or unhonored bier,  
Rest, O my Corythos, that placid rest  
Which life denied thee ! ”

Scarce hath he invoked  
The shade by name before he separates  
The ashes of the boughs and of the boy,  
And these he places in a golden urn  
Nigh his own chamber. Dark is all the house,  
And silent all within it. He hath lost,  
Utterly lost, his grace in Helen's eyes,  
And thro' his tears and anguish none sees he  
In Leda's daughter : both retort complaints,  
And each-one's sorrow is the other's fault.  
Again, he rushes forth on the remains  
Of the Achaians ; his high crest again  
Is seen above the combat, and that shield  
He shakes which Thetis by her prayers obtain'd



Of the fire-potent God, wherewith she arm'd  
To conquer Asia her disdainful son,  
And from that conqueror Paris tore away.  
Weary of glory, worne with grief, he sought  
The place where recently he fill'd the urn  
With bones, of grace and beauty now disrobed  
And brittle to embraces, losing form  
And substance (what small remnant they retain'd)  
When the first tear fell and sank into them.  
In the still sacredness of night, alone  
Went he, the stars were shining on the tomb,  
And timidly and slowly he explored  
With outspread hand if aught might yet remain  
Of his lost child, and credulously seiz'd  
Little black sticks, and bore them in his breast.  
Greeks, as they roam'd along the shore, observ'd  
His wanderings : these Ulysses had espied,  
Epæus too, and, heavy with his wound  
And catching the cool air with frequent gasp,  
Pæantius. Round a high-piled tomb a trench  
Was hollowed : hitherward they steal along  
From the Sigæan sands, while yet the stars

Cast a scant light, and thro' the uneven ground  
And the dim corpses winde their secret way.  
And here await they Paris, true at last,  
And smiting in the anguish of his soul  
A breast too long from pious love estranged.

What bowstring, from what archer's bow unstrung,  
Rattles on belt or quiver ? Who cries out ?  
None other voice responding. Hark ! he groans ;  
He calls for enemy ; no aid he claims  
Of friend ; but leaning on one elbow sits  
Raging ; and often strikes his heel the ground.

Swift steps run back along the soft sea-shore :  
For they who smote him in the shade of night,  
By the command and with the auspices  
Of Gods, had stolen on a man unarm'd  
Without their helmets, cuirases, or shields.  
He could not follow, for behind his knee  
The arrow had gone thro' : with desperate twist  
He tore it out, and from two apertures  
The hissing blood sprang forth : he sinks ; he rolls  
His limbs, he rolls his heavy eyes, all night,  
In the red dew : he sees the city lamps

Kindled ; he sees them all go out again  
From the same spot. But when an iron light  
Begins to peer o'er the cold plain, and wakes  
From their brief sleep the tamer animals,  
They of the household rise, and all around  
In grove, in champain, seek their absent lord,  
And, as if there the search should be the last,  
At his son's tomb. The race that cheers the ear  
Of Morning with its voice, and penetrates  
With its bold breast the woodland stiff with frost,  
And, watchful at the gate in life's extreme,  
Is faithful to the wretched and the poor,  
With eyes as languid on his languid eyes  
Looks sorrowing down, and licks them unproved.

When the last hour gleams feebly upon man  
Not feebly rise the former : swift and thick  
Do they crowd back with all the images  
Of his misdeeds in clearest light reveal'd.  
Now manifest is every oracle,  
Now Lacedæmon's awful Nemesis,  
Now the red torch, now the right-hand that shakes  
Its widening vapour over myriad graves,

To settle on the towers of Ilion.

But these all vanish. Thee alone he sees,

Daughter of Cebren ! thee, beneath that rock

Where strowed the winds thy nuptial couch with leaves,

Espous'd, deserted, childless ! What avail,

Ah what ! the promises, the gifts, of Gods ?

A better, now he feels, was left in thee.

“ Go, ye who once could serve me, go ” said he

“ And tell CEnone ye have seen me pierced :

Tell her it is not help I now beseech,

But pardon.”

When the youths descried her home

Amid the innermost and highest wood,

And found it closed, and heard the wail within,

And saw tame stags raise up their antler'd heads

Suddenly from the threshold, they prepared

To enter.

They repeat the last command

Of him who sent them. Young, and confident

In ready eloquence, they would adorn

The wings of Mercury with brighter plumes,

And utter as their lord's what time and place

Forbade his uttering, and (more strongly) grief.  
His former love do they commemorate,  
And how CEnone was endowed with herbs  
Potent to save. She lookt aside, and said  
“ I could not save my son ! nor did he ask  
Who asks me now.” And, as she turn'd away,  
They heard the halls with sob and plaint resound.

Meanwhile four stout attendants bear the prince  
Upon a plank of pliant ash, where rose  
The sacred mansion of the Idæan Nymph.  
And as they bear him thither, toiling up  
The narrow path, often the loose round stones  
Slip under them and shake him, often spring  
The branches back and strike against his wound.  
Not long was the delay, but long it seem'd  
To him whose day was closing, and before  
He could collect the features in his mind  
Of her he sought so eagerly. They pass  
Along the crevices of rocks where hang  
The ivy-stems their rigid moss . . of rocks  
Which the spear's point, in time gone-by, engraved  
With tender verses round about linkt names ;

Labour of idle hunter, disinclined  
To let that idleness pass soon away.  
And into opener places they proceed,  
For feats remember'd of prevailing strength,  
And songs and dances and successful loves.  
There Paris paus'd and wept, with both his hands  
Closed o'er the face : the four who carried him  
Placed on the evenest ground the future bier,  
And they too, turning back their faces, wept.  
The Nymph of Ida came not forth to them,  
But on the threshold of the open door  
She staid her footstep, that the tears might flow  
Within the house unseen one moment more.

And now the son of Priam views again  
His early realm, a realm so peaceable,  
And sweet CEnone, then his only care ;  
And now again, again, he hears the sighs  
Which heave that faithful bosom : how diverse  
From those he sigh'd to in the grot below !  
And slowly lifting to that face divine  
His eyes, " How many and what years " he cried,  
" Since Paris saw CEnone his beloved ! "

Nothing of anger or complaint said she ;  
For she had prayed of the Eumenides,  
Few hours before, that the untimely end  
Of Corythos their wrath should vindicate,  
And that she might not, even if she will'd,  
Be help to Paris in his hour of need.  
Another prayer she added to these prayers,  
With quivering lips, more anxiously, but fear'd  
No God would grant it.

“ Jupiter ! ” she cried,  
“ And if there be another \* who should hear  
My last appeal . . grant me the gift of death.”

Thunder was heard upon the left, and signs  
Shone forth above her from the sky serene.  
But when she saw that son and sire had fared  
Alike, and that she might have saved the one,  
She who alone could save him, she appeared  
Cruel and merciless . . to him . . to both.  
“ No ; I deserve not, seek not, to prolong  
My life,” said Paris. “ Only let one urn

\* She suppresses the name of Apollo her violater.

Unite us . . me, my Corythos ! ” He spake  
And held the urn toward her : this she caught,  
Together with the faint and chilly hand  
It had nigh dropt from.

Paris had but strength  
To add these words,

“ CEnone ! it was ours  
To live united : they . . the Gods alone . .  
Sundered us.”

“ But they sunder us no more ”  
Said she. “ Behold ! the bridal hour is come,  
Wherein no wretchedness, no falsehood is,  
No separation. Ah ! restrain, restrain  
Those groans ! Let me, my husband, die the first !  
Hear me . . the Gods have heard me . . unwithhel’d,  
Give one embrace.

“ Paris is now my own,  
Mine, by sure auspices, eternally.  
And do not thou in Pluto’s house, my child,  
Disdain the mother whom thy death brings down.

“ Often the cruel gift that Venus gave  
Gave me one comfort with it . . that my grief



Could not encrease ; and now I lose this one.  
From Juno less had been the penalty,  
Wroth as she was, than Venus now exacts  
In the same Ida . . Venus, crown'd by thee ! ”

Her fainting form the sister Nymphs receive,  
And from its fountain bring the tepid stream ;  
In vain ; then hasten to the mountain-top ;  
And there her father Cebren takes the urn,  
To hold fresh ashes gathered by his hand.

#### XXV. PAN AND PITYS.

Cease to complain of what the Gods decree,  
Whether by death or (harder !) by the hand  
Of one prefer'd thy loves be torne away,  
For even against the bourn of Arcady  
Beats the sad Styx, heaving its wave of tears,  
And nought on earth so high but Care flies higher.

A maid was wooed by Boreas and by Pan,  
Pitys her name, her haunt the wood and wild ;  
Boreas she fled from ; with more placid eye  
Lookt she on Pan ; yet chided him, and said . .

“ Ah why should men or clearer-sighted Gods  
Propose to link our hands eternally ?  
That which o’er raging seas is wildly sought  
Perishes and is trampled on in port ;  
And they where all things are immutable  
Beside, even they, the very Gods, are borne  
Unsteadily wherever love impels ;  
Even he who rules Olympus, he himself  
Is lighter than the cloud beneath his feet.  
Lovers are ever an uncertain race,  
And they the most so who most loudly sing  
Of truth and ardour, anguish and despair,  
But thou above them all. Now tell me, Pan,  
How thou deceivedst the chaste maid of night  
Cynthia, thou keeper of the snow-white flock !  
Thy reed had crackled with thy flames, and split  
With torture after torture ; thy lament  
Had fill’d the hollow rocks ; but when it came  
To touch the sheep-fold, there it paus’d and cool’d.  
Wonderest thou whence the story reacht my ear ?  
Why open those eyes wider ? why assume  
The ignorant, the innocent ? prepared

For refutation, ready to conceal  
The fountain of Selinos, waving here  
On the low water its long even grass,  
And there (thou better may'st remember this)  
Paved with smooth stones, as temples are. The sheep  
Who led the rest, struggled ere yet half-shorn,  
And dragged thee slithering after it : thy knee  
Bore long the leaves of ivy twined around  
To hide the scar, and stil the scar is white.  
Dost thou deny the giving half thy flock  
To Cynthia ? hiding tho' the better half,  
Then all begrimed producing it, while stood  
Well-washt and fair in puffy wooliness  
The baser breed, and caught the unpracticed eye."  
Pan blusht, and thus retorted.

" Who hath told  
That idle fable of an age long past ?  
More just, perhaps more happy, hadst thou been,  
Shunning the false and flighty. Heard I have  
Boreas and his rude song, and seen the goats  
Stamp on the rock and lick the affrighted eyes  
Of their young kids ; and thee too, then averse,

I also saw, O Pitys ! Is thy heart,  
To what was thy aversion, now inclined ?  
Believest thou my foe ? the foe of all  
I hold most dear. Had Cynthia been prefer'd  
She would not thus have taunted me : unlike  
Thee, Pitys, she looks down with gentle glance  
On them who suffer ; whether they abide  
In the low cottage or the lofty tower  
She tends them, and with silent step alike  
And watchful eye their aking vigil soothes.  
I sought not Cynthia ; Cynthia lean'd to me.  
Not pleased too easily, unlovely things  
She shuns, by lovely (and none else) detain'd.  
Sweet, far above all birds, is philomel  
To her ; above all scenes the Padan glades  
And their soft-whispering poplars ; sweet to her  
The yellow light of box-tree in full bloom  
Nodding upon Cytoros. She delights  
To wander thro' the twinkling olive-grove,  
And where in clusters on Lycæan knolls  
Redden the berries of the mountain-ash ;  
In glassy fountain, and grey temple-top,

And smooth sea-wave, when Hesperus hath left  
The hall of Tethys, and when liquid sounds  
(Uncertain whence) are wafted to the shore . .  
Never in Boreas."

"What a voice is thine ! "

She said, and smiled. " More roughly not himself  
Could sound with all his fury his own name.  
But come, thou cunning creature ! tell me how  
Thou couldst inveigle Goddesses without  
Thinning thy sheepfold."

"What ! again" cried he

"Such tart and cruel twitting ? She received,  
Not as belov'd, but loving me, my gift.  
I gave her what she askt, and more had given,  
But half the flock was all that she required ;  
Need therefor was it to divide in twain  
The different breeds, that she might make her choice.  
One, ever meager, with broad bony front,  
Shone white enough, but harder than goat's hair  
The wool about it ; and loud bleatings fill'd  
The plains it battened on . . for only plains  
It trod ; and smelt . . as all such coarse ones smell.

Avarice urged the Goddess : she sprang forth  
And took, which many more have done, the worse.

“ Why shake thy head ? incredulous ! Ah why,  
When none believe the truth, should I confess ?  
Why, one who hates and scorns the lover, love ?  
Once thou reposedst on the words I spake,  
And, when I ceast to speak, thou didst not cease  
To ponder them, but with thy cool plump palm  
Unconsciously didst stroke that lynx-skin down  
Which Bacchus gave me, toucht with virgin shame  
If any part slipt off and bared my skin.  
I then could please thee, could discourse, could pause,  
Could look away from that sweet face, could hide  
All consciousness that any hand of mine  
Had crept where lifted knee would soon unbend.  
Ah then how pleasant was it to look up  
(If thou didst too) from the green glebe supine,  
And drink the breath of all sweet herbs, and watch  
The last rays run along the level clouds,  
Until they kindle into living forms  
And sweep with golden net the western sky.  
Meanwhile thou notedst the dense troop of crows

Returning on one track and at one hour  
In the same darkened intervals of heaven.  
Then mutual faith was manifest, but glad  
Of fresh avowal ; then securely lay  
Pleasure, reposing on the crop she reapt.

“ The oleaster of the cliff ; the vine  
Of leaf pellucid, clusterless, untamed ;  
The tufts of cytisus that half-conceal'd  
The craggy cavern, narrow, black, profound ;  
The scantier broom below it, that betray'd  
Those two white fawns to us . . what now are they ?  
How the pine's whispers, how the simpering brook's,  
How the bright vapour trembling o'er the grass  
Could I enjoy, unless my Pitys took  
My hand and show'd me them ; unless she blew  
My pipe when it was hoarse ; and, when my voice  
Fail'd me, took up, and so inspired, my song.”

Thus he, embracing with brown brawny arm  
Her soft white neck, not far from his declined,  
And with sharp finger parting her smooth hair.  
He paus'd.

“ Take now that pipe,” said she “ and since

Thou findest joyance in things past, run o'er  
The race-course of our pleasures : first will I  
The loves . . of Boreas I abhor . . relate.  
He his high spirit, his uprooted oaks,  
And heaven confused with hailstones, may sing on :  
How into thine own realms his breath has blown  
The wasting flames, until the woods bow'd low  
Their heads with heavy groans, while he alert  
Shook his broad pinions and scream'd loud with joy.  
He may sing on, of shattered sails, of ships  
Sunk in the depths of ocean, and the sign  
Of that wide empire from Jove's brother torn ;  
And how beneath the rocks of Ismaros  
Deluded he with cruel sport the dream  
That brought the lost one back again, and heard  
The Manes clap their hands at her return.  
Always his pastime was it, not to shake  
Light dreams away, but change them into forms  
Horrific ; churl, from peace and truth averse.  
What in such rival ever couldst thou fear ? "

Boreas heard all she spoke, amid the brake  
Conceal'd : rage seiz'd him : the whole mountain shook.



“ Contemn’d ! ” said he, and as he said it, split  
A rock, and from the summit with his foot  
Spurn’d it on Pitys. Ever since, beneath  
That rock sits Pan : her name he calls ; he waits  
Listening, to hear the rock repeat it ; wipes  
The frequent tear from his hoarse reed, and wears  
Henceforth the pine, her pine, upon his brow.

#### XXVI. CORESOS AND CALLIRHÖE.

The girls of Calydon now celebrate  
The feast of Bacchus. Two whirl round and round  
A rope entwined with flowers, and make the rest  
Run into and leap over it by turns.  
A playful one and mischievous pusht on  
Her who stood nearest, laughing as her foot  
Tript and her hair was tangled in the flowers.

Ah now, Callirhœ ! burning shame flew up  
Into thy face, nor could thy mother’s prayer  
Bring thee before the altar : now, ’tis said,  
A tear roll’d down thy cheek, not quite exempt  
From anger ; but thy hand conceal’d thy face.

Coresos, rising from his lofty seat,  
Came forward, and stood ravisht with her charms :  
Coresos was it who then ruled the rites,  
Beauteous, and skill'd to praise his God in song,  
Unhappy youth ! to see her in that hour !  
In any other had he seen her first,  
She might have loved him as he now loved her,  
And he, had never he beheld her shame  
And tears at falling, might have lived and played  
On idle pipe the vacant cares of love.

Neither the struggles of devoted goat  
Nor the sweet wine they pour upon its horns  
Engage his notice ; not the God himself,  
Giver of joy, gives any joy to him :  
Nor after, when short laugh is faintly heard  
Among the bushes, and the star of eve,  
Eve's star and Love's, alone is overhead,  
And shrubs are shaken which no breezes shake,  
Gave he his eyes to sleep, his limbs to rest.  
Where the long grasses hung with dews malign,  
Beneath an ilex sat he quite alone  
And meditated much, forgetting all

He fain would say to her ; her face itself  
Was shaken in his memory by his throbs :  
Vainly would he recall it ; up there comes  
Another, less ingenuous, more in want  
Of grace and beauty, not (alas !) of scorn.

Many the days he wooed her, and the nights  
Many he mourn'd that he had wooed in vain.  
At last no longer could he see her near.  
If barks the dog, she starts ; if stranger lift  
The door-latch, up she springs ; the humid thread  
She snatches from her mouth with trembling hand  
And holds before her lips, and throws her hair  
Back, which had fallen and hung loosely down  
While close below the lintal slopes her ear.  
If in the court she hears a louder step  
She thinks him coming ; come, if one less loud.

The cane that long has quivered in the wind  
Hardens ; the maiden thus who long has fear'd :  
Callirhœe would not trust her mother once,  
No, nor herself ; but now would gladly hear,  
Alone or with her parent, him who sued ;  
For she had sharpen'd the bright point of speech

In readiness to pierce his open breast :  
Nor slight is the offender's new offence  
Thus to avoid it.

As the coral bends  
Beneath the Erythræan sea, but grows  
Harder and harder when it feels the air,  
So did this virgin, soft and flexible  
In her first nature. Shyness, which confused  
Her features lately, now quite disappear'd.  
She minds not what men tattle, nor desires  
Their ignorance of what she blusht to know ;  
She laughs if any whisper in her ear  
That *he* is coming, laughs to see him stop  
Suddenly, thus (a long way off) observ'd.  
Afar she would not wish him, would not wish  
His folly less, his madness less. She trod,  
And knew she trod, upon a sacred flame,  
Unscared, contending with the mighty Gods,  
And rendering their best gifts of no avail.

Ah ! in what region grows a dittany  
To heal the wound Love's poison'd barb hath left ?  
He who with quiet bosom can sit down

With wrongs like these cast into it, loves not ;  
Nor he who fiercely bursts the bond at once.

Coresos siez'd her hand and threw it back  
Disdainful, but sigh'd deeply, fixing fast  
His looks upon her ; then more calmly spake.

“ Callirhœ ! I no more bemoan to thee  
The love thou spurnest : pity ask I none  
For such a vain, such an unworthy grief.  
Be sure the tear thou now despisest, falls  
The last that I shall shed or thou shalt see,  
And therefor in the hour of death it falls.  
For look around thee how the plague devours  
Men's festered limbs ! how fly the old to learn  
The will and oracles of heaven, and how  
From the hill-tops look out for their return  
Those who have given them the last embrace.  
The blameless fall ; and shall the guilty stand ?

“ Contemn'd I was, and I deserv'd contempt.  
But never it repents me that in youth  
Those arts I cherisht which, if age had come,  
Had given grace and dignity to age.  
Tis not for me : upon my brow too soon

The crown thou placest ; and the flowers that deck  
An altar near at hand to thee are sweet.  
Worthy I was, Callirhœ ! then I sued ;  
Unworthy am I now, and now retire,  
Broken in spirit, pierced with arrows, aim'd  
Less by my lurking foes (for these are few)  
Than by the heartless levity of friends.  
Once (let me boast it) I might beat them all  
Where agile strength the wrestler's olive gave,  
Or where the Gods bestow'd the gift of song,  
Or, boon to me more precious ! in thy love.  
Kings may hold prizes forth : the ores of earth,  
The gems of ocean, may adorn small men  
And make them marvels to more small below ;  
The Gods alone on mortal can confer  
Genius and beauty, the pure wealth of heaven.  
Ah ! why do they to whom these gifts befall  
Stand so apart ? ah why shouldst thou condemn  
To moulder each in barrenness away ?  
Beauty we worship in her high career,  
But let her wane, and where the worshiper ?  
And Genius, mournful Genius, unapproacht,

Like Saturn from his lofty citadel,  
Looks with an iron light down on a world  
Torn from him."

While he speaks, there now return  
The elders, with their temples filleted,  
For mildness, virtue, piety, revered,  
Besought and prone with purer hands to touch  
The altar, and the wrath of heaven avert.

Callirhœe, whom the crowd call'd out by name,  
Beheld them and turn'd pale, presaging ill :  
Pale also turn'd Coresos, and endured  
Yet worse his aching breast the ribald words  
Flung by the people on the modest maid.  
Forward he rusht to lead her from a throng  
Madden'd with rage against her. In his flight  
Palæmon stopt him.

"Stay thy steps" cried he,  
"And thou too, wretched maiden! hear the Gods,  
Whose sentence on thy crime I now repeat.  
Against thee shall the nation rise no more,  
No more the dying virgin lift her eyes  
Against thee, and no longer shall the torch

Where mothers crowd our funerals, bear thy name."

Coresos sprang to clasp the neck she turn'd,  
And cried in loud devotion,

" Hail, O sire

Who fillest with thy deity the groves  
Of thy Dodona, and whose look benign  
Hath given to the air and earth below  
Health and serenity ! This maid henceforth  
To me alone will be the source of pain.  
More than Iacchus whom I serve, and more  
Than happiest dream could promise, is thy gift."

Troubled in mind, Palæmon shook his head  
And thus continued.

" Much art thou deceived  
By such bright hopes, O gentle youth ! Thyself  
Shoudst see the future, favored by thy God ;  
But thou thyself dost hold before thine eyes  
Love's dazzling saffron vesture, and believe  
That what is coming can be only Love.

" Step forward, ye young men ! for Jupiter  
Calls on ye all, and honors thus his son  
Of Semale begotten. Lead ye forth,



Lead ye, a victim to appease his ire,  
Callirhœe."

That loud sound ran thro' her heart,  
Ran thro' her limbs, and swept their strength away.  
Down fell she. But strong arms had now seiz'd hers  
And drag'd her to the temple.

Sense return'd  
At the close tramp of those who hurried by,  
(Some to see only, some with zeal to pile  
The altar), at the smoke of frankincense,  
At the cold sprinkling of the sacred lymph  
Upon her temples, and at (suddenly  
Dropt, and resounding on the floor) the sword.

"Take it!" with tremulous voice Palæmon said.  
"This is thy office; often on that head  
Hast thou call'd down due vengeance from above:  
Take, hold it, use it. Dost thou now retract?  
'Tis not permitted. To no prayer of thine  
Our Gods grant this, but are resolved to show  
That wrong'd are they when men like thee are wrong'd.  
If from the people one come forward, friend,  
Relative, parent, willing to devote

His life instead of yon unhappy maid's,  
Thro' that man's blood the city shall receive  
Safety ; for Jove thus reconciles his son."

Upon the trembling victim gazed the youth,  
And with back-hand swept off a tear.

" Thy sire "

Said he " is dead : and others are content  
To have stood higher in thy grace than I.  
Look ! listen ! what light footsteps glide away !  
Now with firm breast, Callirhœ ! and fixt eye  
I dare to look on thee. In father's stead,  
In lover's stead, I stand ; and I perform  
The sacred duty by the Gods imposed."

Cries, clamours, groans, rise, spread. They see the limbs  
Of young Coresos on the earth ; and fear  
Seizes them lest they tread that holy blood.  
The temple moans aloud ; the city swarms  
With rumours, and the groves and fields around.  
Now 'tis reported that the youth has fallen  
By his own hand to save the virgin ; ' now  
That both were stricken by the fire of heaven.  
With its own violence the crowd is swayed

Hither and thither, thickening ; as the waves  
Conglomerate under the propelling storm.

XXVII. CATILLUS AND SALIA.

Catillus left his spear upon the steps  
Of that old temple which from Ciminus  
Looks o'er the lake and the dark ilexes.  
Often his horse, standing alone before  
The columns, starts at sights obscurely seen ;  
Sometimes at roar of raging beast, sometimes  
At bark that bursts and crackles from the cork,  
Or at the rapid whirl of withered leaves  
Wafted and rattling on his bridle-bit.

“ Voltumna ! ” pray'd the youth “ reject not thou  
My vows ! for Salia is my heart consumed ;  
Nor does the sire or maiden disapprove ;  
But there are ancient oracles that hold  
The torch of Hymen back. Thou knowest well,  
O Goddess ! (for from thy own fane procede  
These oracles) what menaces impend.  
So great an evil be it mine to ward

From both ! Yet how ? He who could all foresee,  
Amphiaräus, he might have advised ;  
But earth before him opened, and with flames  
Enveloping his chariot, drank it in.  
Where in far regions, famed Ismenos flows  
He left his children and the light of day.

“ The Tuscan shore a race of fugitives  
Alights on. O that they had come in guise  
Of enemies ! not (as they say) of friends :  
Because old seers have seen, old prophets sung  
That under this the royal house should fall  
And royal bride be wedded, to her sire’s  
And people’s ruin. Clearly I discern  
What Fate before had hidden ; nor retreat ;  
Nor arms, wherever they may lead, refuse ;  
Nor absence . . long, for ever ; nor the gulph  
Of Styx, which all must pass ; nor, what is worse,  
In other lands to wander ; be but thou  
Mine for one day, O Salia ! no one’s else  
And least of any one an exile’s bride ! ”

A hollow murmur shakes the beech-tree-tops ;  
A voice is heard ;

“ Of wretched father, child  
More wretched ! how wouldst thou have fled before,  
If thou hadst ever known the curse to come ! ”  
It ceases : loudly, as the portal closed,  
Resounded in their depths the woods profound.

The youth is sunk in prayer, and all again  
Is silent, in the sky, the grove, the fane,  
Nor could he see above him any bird  
Whose flight should comfort him ; for right and left  
Rose the huge branches, and afar the swans  
Shone out serenely on the lake serene,  
Soothing the under-wing with neck reverst.  
He wishes not for fields of waving vine,  
He wishes not for olive-boundary,  
Planted when first the blindfold boy had drawn  
The lot of each Pelasgian from the urn,  
But he does wish for Salia, he does wish  
To see Volsinii, blessed land, again.  
Then of the king he thinks, and then revolves  
Commands which both had given (and one with tears)  
Unless Voltumna look with placid smile  
Toward the couch of Hymen.

Evening came :

He threw him on the ground ; he sought for dreams,  
If haply sleep should calm his weariness,  
Dreams that from sire and daughter may remove  
The unknown peril that o'ershadows both.

Sharp was the splendour of the stars ; all heaven  
Seem'd moving as it never yet had moved ;  
To mortal power insuperable, fate  
Bent easily before him ; every word  
Of oracles had now grown plain enough ;  
And he resolv'd to save at once the king  
And the king's daughter, do they what they would  
And fear'd they all that ever could be fear'd.

Amid these thoughts his yielding senses sleep  
Impresses : in his dream he hears the arms  
Of guest and ravisher : he sees (can sight  
Deceive him ?) Salia. With her own consent  
Is she borne off ? and, when her father calls  
Pursuing her, disdains she to return ?  
He starts, he raves, strikes with his brow the ground,  
Springs up, and, siezing on the bridle, leaps  
Into the saddle, and before 'tis dawn

Reaches the city's outskirt.

Long the land

In peace had rested ; scanty was its watch ;  
All knew the cordial youth who, strong of limb,  
Joyous of countenance and prompt of speech  
And large of liberality, and first  
On foot or horseback, hurl'd the Argive spear ;  
Strait went he onward where the palace stood,  
And stationed under its first turret found  
The friendly Periphas.

“ I haste ” he cried,  
“ I haste to Salia. Help me. That is nigh,  
That which she fears, her father more than she,  
And never may perhaps by arms avert :  
Vultumna threatens it. Her father's love  
May blind his eyes, but *my* love opens mine.  
I bring the Goddesses own words, and these  
The dreams she breath'd into my breast confirm.”

Ever to Dian at the break of day  
Did Salia bear her sacrifice : the gate  
Was this thro' which she past into her grove  
And little chapel.

Thickly sound the hoofs  
Of fretting horse beneath the turret's arch,  
And the last light of lamp that hangs therefrom,  
Crackling, now hides now shows the whiten'd iron.  
When casts the hind, with broken sleep morose,  
The wooden collar round his ox'es neck  
And rope athwart the horns, when one red line  
Borders the dull horizon, and the fields  
Under the drowsy skies lie indistinct,  
There stands the royal maiden.

“Hence ! fly hence !

O Salia ! ” cries Catillus, “and believe  
The Gods are now propitious.”

At the word

On his high steed he lifts her, with a leap  
Mounts, and redoubles with a rapid spur  
His courser's speed.

“Tremble not ” cried the youth :

“A time there was indeed for fear, when flight  
Was none, and hope uncertain. From her shrine  
Dian inclining to thy prayers and vows  
Would, if she ever uttered oracle,



Have bidden what Voltumna hath ordain'd.  
The horse is quiet : see ! he frets no more :  
And none are following. Is my arm too tight ?  
Bends it unwelcome round thee ? Fearest thou ?  
Wouldst thou prohibit, wouldst thou chide, my fears ?  
I loosen it. Why weep and sigh ? why doubt ?  
In Tibur who should envy us a life  
Of country peace ? To what ferocious man  
Canst thou be there a prey ? what war molest  
Thy father ? For no realm we fight ; we hold  
The only realm we want. I leave behind  
The Sabines and their ruler to enjoy  
Untroubled peace. Instead of fields in dower,  
Fields which suspicion everywhere surrounds  
With the uncertain faith of hireling arms,  
Be there for us the deep repose of woods,  
Walls that have never heard the name of Mars,  
Tibur, and those green pastures on the banks  
Thro' which Pareusius winds his silvery stream.  
Look back ; how widely spreads the space behind !  
Volsinii how remote ! the citadel  
How reddening lower and lower with larger light ! ”

At this she raises up her eyes, not quite  
Up to his eyes who speaks to her ; then looks  
Back on her father's city ; then they fill  
With gushing tears.

“ Live, father ! live in peace !

Voltumna claims me ; can then piety  
Forbid, or any care obstruct my course ?  
Follow I must the Goddess'es command.  
The desert, the dense darkness of the woods,  
The lake, with all their gloom and all its own,  
I would thro' life inhabit, nor repine,  
Let but the Fates grant tranquil days to thee ! ”

Moved at her tenderness, Catillus said,  
“ Behold them granted ! and shall she whose prayers  
Have won them for her parent, not rejoice ?  
Voltumna well might choose thee for her own,  
But she was silent ; nay, she gave commands  
Right opposite ; she bade thee leave thy home,  
Thy father's house : thou wisely hast obey'd,  
And child so duteous she from far will hear.  
Meanwhile an aged priestess keeps the fane,  
One only : such its holiness, no time

Will ever move it. Thou shalt see the dells  
Of Tibur, the Albunean lake, its shades  
And floating ilands, and (what oft thy wish  
Shuddering at all the terrors of the tale  
Urged thee to see) the fissured rock, the rush  
Of angry waters, and, where these subside,  
Glens where is heard the song of Nymphs below.  
There be our country, there our house, and there  
Our early days and later ! All thy life  
Must thou be happy in a father saved  
And faith saved too : and no less happy he,  
Obedient to the dictate of the Fates,  
In that he gave not (tho' he wisht to give)  
Salia to him who holds her to his heart."

Salia now calmer, bids him to repeat  
All that Voltumna said. The Goddess'es  
Behest she thinks obscure, the danger clear ;  
She sighs ; but piety distrusts not love.  
Scarce the first hour of flight had past away  
Before the father knew it. Idle time  
He lost not in complaint, nor idle threats  
Threw at the fugitive : he gave command

Forthwith that chosen youths surround the woods  
And moorlands of Capenus, occupy  
Every hill-top, keep equal distances  
At certain stations, and from each, right, left,  
The subject land, wood, river, lake, survey.  
He himself hastened onward, and before  
Noontide he saw, not distant, to the east,  
Eretus, its wide woodland overgrown  
With speckled arbutus, and, farther on  
And higher up, an ancient temple, white  
In the sun's splendour, on its mound apart :  
Beyond it the Nomentan hills retired.  
And now, inclosed by mountains, he approacht  
The steep red banks and turbid stream profound  
Of Tiber. Never had that stream been crost  
By bridge of stone convex, or mountain pine,  
Nor level boats in surging series linkt  
Made plain the way for horseman and for horse.  
He bends, and raises in his hollow hand  
The sacred water, and thus prays the God.

“ O father Tiber ! if thou hast preserv'd  
Thy people quiet by religious awe ;

If thou beholdest thy Apollo's hill  
Soracte bound in duteous equity ;  
If the Faliscians, righteous race, impress  
The burning ember with unflinching heel ;  
If, when the robber Cacus he had slain,  
Alcides (which our sires have seen) washt off  
That robber's blood in thy most clensing lymph ;  
If stolen herds brought vengeance down on him  
Whom none consorted with, no host receiv'd ;  
Shall I in vain implore thee for thy help  
Against a wretch who robs his host of all,  
Who carries off his child, his only child ?  
Avenge me : give me only ('tis enough)  
To swim in safety o'er thy rapid stream."  
Thus praying, his huge spear he threw across ;  
Whereat the steed which bore him shrilly neigh'd,  
Rear'd, and with hoof inverted scraped the turf,  
And, call'd by name and patted and cheer'd on,  
Sprang bravely down and clove the surging waves :  
They bent beneath his lusty neck, they broke  
At every breath his widening nostril breath'd,  
And his rich trappings flasht fresh light around.

In the late hour of eve the king surveys  
The highths of Tibur ; to the walls he wends  
Alone ; to Coras, and him only, cries  
That he come out.

But Coras, when he knew  
Afar Catillus by his burnisht arms,  
Ran from the rampart to embrace the king,  
And said “ Where is my brother ? ”

Fiercelier burns  
His rage at this, and

“ Like a slave he fled ;  
Nor shall it now avail thee to conceal  
His flight ; thy walls shall show him in their flames.  
Now let him arm . . a father calls, a guest,  
Despoil'd, dishonor'd . . let him arm before  
The hospitable the avenging Jove  
He thinks he may affront, deceive, despise.”

The brother stood astonisht : lifting up  
Both hands to heaven,

“ No brother is with me,  
I swear, and therefor lay aside thy wrath,  
O king ! and under happy auspices

Await in peace and patience his return."

He answered not, but rudely rusht away.

With angry looks the Argive nobles cried

"What, tyrant ! dost thou threaten war ? say first,

Proud as thy nation is of ancient fame,

Say when on Ciminus hath ever oak

Borne trophy ? While the fatten'd heifer shakes

The flowery fillet and salt-sprinkled crown,

Do their round cheeks, well form'd for puffing horns,

Turn into waxen whiteness at the approach

Of level'd spears. If (faith of Gods and men !)

Thou darrest threaten us with fire or sword,

We will not wait thee in our walls, but show

Thy city, and all cities leagued with thee,

How the proud Tuscans first cried out for peace."

The last late sunbeam of the summer sky

Had fallen, and with dew far superfused

The fuming meadows of Pareusius paled,

Far as the Albula and Latian plain.

When Tibur's citadel had sunk to view

The king alighted from his horse, and spent

A weary night beneath a peasant's roof.

Near to Volsinii, with a clear cold stream \*  
There runs a rivulet and intercepts  
The little rills that trickle thro' the grove,  
And falls into the Tiber where it looks  
Into the glades of Umbria ; 'twas this course  
Catillus followed thro' its whole extent.  
Here, where it join'd the Tiber, pusht he forth  
A narrow skiff, tied with a twisted band  
Of osier to the tree. The oar's smooth palm  
Divided the broad water-leaves and won  
An easy way. Now, while the waves it made  
With gentle plash and pattering heav'd the bark,  
Thou, Salia, sattest at thy lover's side  
Still and calmer than that shady stream.  
Catillus then would hoist his little sail,  
That he might lay aside the oar, and hold  
The rope which turn'd it as the river turn'd  
Or the wind caught it, and that he might sit  
On the same bench with Salia, and protect  
From the hot sun her face beneath its shade.  
He fear'd to pass where hinds might see and shout,

\* Now called Fiume Chiaro.



He fear'd all voices, most of all he fear'd  
The irreverent Fescennine's immodest song.

Volsinii's firm allies, the Sabines held  
That country where amid the flowers he rears  
Runs Farfar, and that barrener wherefrom  
Himella shrinks when Sirius strikes his stream.  
So now he took the simple guise of hind  
Who had gone early forth, and must return  
To hail his household Deities at eve.  
Rushes and reeds conceal'd his crest and spear.  
Long was the way by land, by water long,  
Nor would the youth, nor could he had he will'd,  
Tell Salia how much farther they must go.  
Her dread of any seeing her he calm'd,  
Saying,

“Look up ! behold what scanty light  
Sheds Hesper, how he swings upon the stream  
Alone of all the stars, and what calm gloom  
Propitious sits upon the brow of heaven.”  
They both weave sleepless dreams. In days to come  
What will their pleasure be, if touch of hand  
Kindles such fires ; if at one word, one glance,

Disperst is every doubt and every fear.

Ah ! be not wise, ye young ! but from bright days  
Look into brighter : evermore believe :  
Be this your wisdom. At the close of life,  
We know too much ; we know we are deceiv'd.

Needless the story were in what converse  
Hour followed hour ; what cultur'd lands, what wilds  
Delighted them ; how many were the spots  
In whose retirement they could spend their lives :  
Needless to mention how, amid the pause,  
A bough impending o'er the stream sometimes  
Swept, ere they were aware, the vessel's side,  
Startling and reddening her with girlish fright.  
The youth too had his fears, but held them in.  
He fear'd if any silent matron stole  
Down to the river-side, in quest of him  
Her children cried for ere they went to bed :  
He fear'd if suddenly a lamp-light burst  
With long effulgence from some cot unseen  
Across the water, or a fisherman  
Had crown'd his net with flame, and, dipt in pitch,  
The feathery cane its finny prey allured.

Onward they sail all night : when morn appears,  
Seeing that friendly Tibur was behind,  
He leaves (in view, though distant) on his right  
Seven far-famed hills, where stood the residence  
Of king Evander, sprung from Arcady ;  
Janus on one had rear'd a muniment,  
And Saturn on another : he admired  
How such vast works had ever been destroy'd.  
Wonder may seize, but can not long detain,  
And least the young and ardent. Rowing back,  
Catillus rises on the oar and glides  
Into his native land.

“ O mine ! ” he cries,  
“ Mine surely now ! come, Salia, come, enjoy  
In safety and by right our freedom here :  
No Gods oppose us : we are here at home.”  
And as he speaks, swifter he plies the oar.  
Soon helmets blaze above the copse ; men arm'd  
And unarm'd welcome him ; stout hinds belay  
The laboring bark, tugging it where the wind  
Baffles the sail ; then, smoking from afield,  
Laborious oxen and stout-hearted steeds.

But, tho' they aided, slower seem'd the hour  
Than yesterday, when lay the oar athwart  
And the loose sail flapt idly round the mast.

Both wisht to be alone again ; nor long  
Abstain'd Catillus (when the cliff began  
To chafe the water and impede the way)  
From ordering to haul the skiff ashore.  
Alone then were they. He ascends the path,  
The well-known path of the old wood ; he stops,  
Here, lest the stones should hurt her ; here, because  
The grass is softer than all grass beside ;  
Here, because sunny hazles most invite ;  
And here, because no serpent ever coils  
Beneath the ashen shade. Such leisure-hour  
Fatigue and sense of safety make more sweet.

“ Up ! Salia ! one more hill we must ascend,  
Whence Tibur, now thy own, thou mayst descry.”

They reach the summit. What, across yon chasm,  
Fixes the maid her eyes upon ? A breeze  
Whitens the waving willows as they bend,  
And ancient elms cast shadows long and dark,  
And the lithe tendril of the vine unpruned

Pats and springs up and pats again the stream.  
What sees she from the summit there ? why gaze ?  
Why tremble ? why turn pale ?

Behold ! there stands

Her father !

You might have believ'd her knees  
Had turn'd to marble.

“Wretched girl ! ” he cried,  
Whom dost thou fly from ? ”

At that voice she starts.

Swifter and swifter hurried she along  
And thought each step was slower than the last.  
Ambiguous was it from the fields or town  
Whether she tore the youth away (her hand  
Holding his spear through terror at the wrath  
Of sire and prophet) or his arm made firm  
Her step precipitous : but she was first  
Where the road narrowed, fit for one alone,  
And he where, leaning down for her, his spear  
Protruded helpt her up the rock abrupt.

Indignant Anius saw them from below  
Receiv'd into the city's double gate

With loud acclaim and trumpet's louder clang ;  
And from the ærial citadel the girls  
One to another show'd him, and with taunts  
Bade him begone.

He rushes to the wood  
Resounding o'er the river : but nor clash  
Of cataract hears he, nor wild shout, nor dash  
Roaring above, redoubled underneath,  
And far away thro' cavern'd rocks prolong'd :  
Nor rage impels him now nor tears dissolve,  
He only presses with both hands his brow.

Ah from what bitter source must flow the grief  
Such scenes assuage not ! There he stood, nor saw  
Pareusius whirl his torrent deep below,  
Whence watery dust eternal intercepts  
The light of heaven. Dark ilex, bright-hair'd beech,  
And, vainly fostering ever-fruitless vine,  
The loftier elm, mass above mass, arise.  
Among the branches thousand birds appear  
To raise their little throats, but every song  
Fast as it flows the roaring torrent drowns.  
Some, by assiduous helpmate undetain'd,

Fly from the eternal thunder of the waves ;  
These . . leave them only sheltering bough, and moss  
To soften for their young the nest they knit . .  
Nor rains can chill nor thunders shake their love.  
By rocks inclosed, sore fretting, and resolv'd  
No force shall quell it, rushes the array  
Of water, now united, scattered now,  
Again to rally : pale is overhead  
The mountain, pale and trembling ; to its sides  
The splasht herbs cling the closer : many a reed  
Is there which never shall sigh forth the plaint  
Of the lone shepherd, many a flower is there  
On virgin bosom never to recline.  
But numberless bright intermingled rays  
Spring up, whence Jove and Phœbus raise an arch  
Lofty and wide, and Iris dwells within.

Wrong, upon earth imperious, may o'erpower  
And crush the mortal ; Virtue may stand back  
Nor help him ; even the clemency of Heaven  
May fail ; the urn, the ashes laid within,  
Violence may scatter ; but on those who die  
Thro' wretchedness, and undeservedly,

Compassionate and faithful verse attends  
And drives oblivion from the wasted tomb.

O why, ye Gods ! why, in such lands as these,  
Fairest of earth, and where ye chose to dwell,  
Should burst forth anguish from a father's breast ?  
Why from the guiltless Anius ? Who brought gifts  
More gladly to your altars ? who more pure ?  
In part he utter'd this, in part suppress ;  
Then added,

“ Here is piety ! and thus  
Doth she requite her father ! Duteous, chaste,  
Benevolent, all thought her ; and to all,  
Excepting me, she was so ; I alone  
Less than a stranger merited her love.  
Now know I what (Oh ! lesson hard to learn  
At all times ! how much harder for the old !)  
A daughter owes a father.

“ O my wife !  
If Libitina \* had allow'd thy stay,  
To see me so far left behind in love  
(Our fond contention) thou hadst surely griev'd.

\* Venus Libitina was an Etruscan Goddess.



I took the mother's place. When any pain,  
However slight, she suffered, could I rest ?  
Or could I leave her couch ?

“Go, snatch the torch

Of Hymen, run, mingle thy song with theirs,  
From tranquil brow draw down the saffron veil,  
And be thy children, if they can, like thee.  
If every other rite thou hast disdain'd,  
If scorn'd the dower a royal bride should bring,  
If thro' three nations, shameless, thou hast fled,  
Blame, blame thy parent for it. He provides  
At least a victim for so blest a day.”

He spake ; and from the woody mountain-top,  
Where by the eternal battery of the waves  
A way is cloven, cast himself. From rock  
To rock he fell ; and all the dew that rose  
Around was dimly reddened with his blood.  
The fact is well recorded : while the name  
Of old Pareusius few remember, thine  
O Anius, sounds for ever on that stream.

## XXVIII. THE CHILDREN OF VENUS.

Twain are the sons of Venus : one beholds  
Our globe in gladness, while his brother's eye  
Casts graver glances down, nor cares for woods  
Or song, unworthy of the name of Love.  
Nothing is sweet to him, as pure and cold  
As rain and Eurus.

What dissension thus  
Severed the beauteous pair ? Ambition did.  
With heavy heart the elder bore that he  
Whom often with an arrow in his hand  
He saw, and whetstone under it, and knew  
To spend the day entire in weaving flowers  
Or drawing nets, as might be, over birds,  
That he should have men's incense, he have shrines,  
While only empty honour, silent prayer,  
Was offered to himself.

On this he goes  
And makes Silenus arbiter. The eld  
With gentle speech would fain assuage his wrath ;  
It rises but the higher : he bids him call

The Idalian to his presence, then decide.

With downcast eye, and drooping wing, and cheek  
Suffused with shame, the little one advanced,  
And "Brother ! did you call me ? Then at last  
The poor Idalian is not quite despised ? "

The kindly arbiter in vain attempts  
To bring together two such potent hands.  
"No" said the taller ; " I am here for this,  
This only, that he learn, and by defeat,  
What is my power."

Hereon Silenus, " Go !

Kiss first : then both (but with no enemy)  
In power and honour safely may contend."

The younger leaps upon the elder's neck  
And kisses it and kisses it again :  
The austerer could not, tho' he would, resist  
Those rapid lips ; one kiss he did return,  
Whether the influence of the God prevail'd,  
Or whether 'tis impossible to stand  
Repelling constantly a kindly heart.  
But neither his proud words did he remitt  
Nor resolution : he began to boast

How with his radiant fire he had reduced  
The ancient Chaos ; how from heaven he drove  
The darkness that surrounded it, and drew  
Into their places the reluctant stars,  
And made some stand before him, others go  
Beyond illimitable space ; then curb'd  
The raging sea and chain'd with rocks around.

“ Is not all this enough for you ? ” exclaimed  
The brother ; “ must my little realm be stript  
Of every glory ? You will make me proud  
In speech, refusing what is justly due.  
Upon my birth the golden ether smiled.  
What Chaos was I know not, I confess ;  
I would let every star fly where it list,  
Nor try to turn it : her who rules them all  
I drew behind the Latmian cliffs ; she prayed,  
She promist ever to perform my will  
Would I but once be friendly. ’Twas her first,  
’Twas her last vow . . and it was made to *me*.  
Now you alike inhabit the same heaven,  
And she must know you, yet none other Love  
Acknowledges save him whom you despise.

To me what matter are the raging seas,  
Curb'd or uncurb'd, in chains or out of chains ?  
I penetrate the uttermost retreat  
Of Nereus ; I command, and from the deep  
Dolphins rise up and give their pliant backs  
For harps to grate against and songmen ride ;  
And, when I will'd it, they have fondly wept  
For human creatures human tears, and laid  
Their weary lives down on the dry sea-sand.  
Desert thou some-one, and he knows it not ;  
Let me desert him, let me but recede  
One footstep, and funereal fire consumes  
His inmost heart.

“ The latest guest above  
With basket overturn'd and broken thread  
Lay lithe as new-mown grass before the gate  
Of Omphale : a fondled whelp tug'd off  
The lion-skin, and lept athwart his breast.  
Vast things and wonderful are those you boast.  
I would say nothing of the higher Powers,  
Lest it might chafe you. How the world turns round  
I know not, or who tempers the extremes

Of heat and cold and regulates the tides.  
I leave them all to you : give me instead  
Dances and crowns and garlands ; give the lyre,  
And softer music of the river-side  
Where the stream laps the sallow-leaves, and breaks  
The quiet converse of the whispering reeds :  
Give me, for I delight in them, the clefts  
Of bank o'ergrown by moss'es soft deceit.  
I wish but to be happy : others say  
That I am powerful : whether so or not  
Let facts bear witness : in the sun, the shade,  
Beneath the setting and the rising stars  
Let these speak out ; I keep them not in mind."

" Scarce less thy promises" the other cried.  
He smiled and own'd it.

" You will soon educe  
Bolder assertion of important deeds  
Who things terrestrial haughtily despise.  
Decline your presence at the blissful couch,  
And boast you never make those promises  
Which make so many happy, but with eye  
Averted from them gaze into the deep,

Yet tell me, tell me, solemn one, that swearest  
By that dark river only, *who* compel'd  
Pluto to burn amid the deepest shades,  
Amid the windings of the Stygian stream  
And panting Phlegethon ? while barkt the dog  
Three-throated, so that all his realm resounds.  
And *who* (here lies the potency) *who* made  
The griesly Pluto please the captive bride ?  
Mere sport ! If graver, better, things you want,  
This is the hand, and this the torch it held  
(You might have heard each drop the Danäid  
Let fall, Ixion's wheel you might have heard  
Creak, as now first without his groans it roll'd)  
When the fond husband claspt Eurydice,  
And the fond wife the earliest slain at Troy."

The arbiter embraced him : more composed  
He turn'd toward the other and pronounced  
This sentence.

" O most worthy of thy sire  
The Thunderer ! to thy guidance I committ  
The stars (if he approve of it) and storms  
And seas, and rocks coercing their uproar,

If Amphitrite smile, if Neptune bend.  
But, O thou smaller one of lighter wing,  
Source of the genial laugh and dulcet smile,  
Who makest every sun shed softer rays,  
And one sole night outvalue all that shine,  
Who holdest back (what Jove could never do)  
The flying Hours ! thou askest nought beyond ;  
And this do I award thee. I bestow  
On thee alone the gentle hand hand-linkt . .  
Thy truest bond . . on thee the flowers, the lyre,  
The river's whispers which the reeds increase,  
The spring to weave thy trophies, the whole year  
To warm and fill it with the balm of spring.  
Only do thou" . . he whispered in the ear  
Of Love, and blusht in whispering it . . "incline  
Ianthe . . touch her gently . . just the point . .  
Nor let that other know where thou hast aim'd."



## XXIX. THE LAST OF ULYSSES.

Sing we the last of that man's days who tore  
From Troy its safeguard, not against the will  
Of Pallas ; Pallas brought him safely home.

Be with us, daughter of Mnemosyne !  
Thou who, altho' thou visitest the abyss  
Of Etna, where Enceladus is bound,  
Tempestuous giant, mad with impotence,  
And darest walk by Styx and Phlegethon,  
Nor darest, bolt in hand, the Thunderer,  
Yet from Sorrento gazest with delight  
On waves so softly voluble. To these  
I also turn : I seek that shore alone  
Where stiffens on high rocks the hoary moss,  
Too close and hard for idle child to strip  
Or singing-bird to twine round slender nest.  
When mute the trumpet of Misenus, mute  
The Sybil's cave, when o'er Parthenope  
Crumbles the bust and scarce her name remains,  
Thou holdest up the deeds of glorious men  
And followest their funerals with song.

Tell us then in what region sank to rest  
Ulysses ; say, what did he, suffered he,  
When he departed homeward from these shores ?

Ogygia's secret, Circe's festive, bower,  
Faithless to hospitality, we leave,  
And harp that Phœbus scorns, and woof unseen  
Of Pallas, tho' its shuttle be of gold :  
Better by far to mark how pure and firm  
Connubial bonds in life and death are blest.

Jove pitied him who, after toils which man  
Had never undergone, was guided now  
By Pallas : he decreed in recompense  
Penelope not only should retain  
Her love and duty, but her youth and charms.  
Many the marvels his eventful life  
Had witness ; this more marvelous than all  
Was unobserv'd ; not through ingratitude ;  
But such he ever thought her ; such she seem'd  
In grace and beauty at all after-times  
As when he left her to depart for Troy,  
Or when he led her, with the fife before,  
Under the garlands of her father's gate.

That which the God now gave her seem'd her due,  
Her property ; he never fear'd that age  
Or fate could alter beauty such as hers.  
He who sees all things saw the hero's mind.  
The crowd of suitors own'd the miracle ;  
And now the wretched men began to fear  
Who rioted so loosely in the house.  
How late their piety ! how scant their shame !  
How rapidly death's wide and downward road  
Opens before them ! opens, yet unseen.

Indignant that Penelope had borne  
So long their importunities and threats,  
And that Ulysses had in vain escaped  
Calypso's wiles and Circe's bristling caves,  
In vain had brought the archer back to Troy  
With arrows poison'd in the hydra's blood,  
The Sire to Venus " Highth of wickedness !  
Those suitors, once so patient, now abstain  
Not even from the choicest of the herd,  
Fatten'd, at his return, for us above :  
Nor these alone the wretches would consume,  
But their fierce lust burns fiercer from delay.

I doubt not . . beauty often counsels ill . .  
If hope, if pleasure, give a brighter glow,  
Or any deity her charms increase . .  
I doubt not . . I fear greatly . . that, subdued  
By ardent prayers she lend a patient ear.  
The more I dread it lest Minerva's ire  
Again be kindled : therefor I abstain,  
As thou dost wisely, daughter, from offence.  
Within twelve days 'tis destin'd he returns  
For whom thou, Venus, hast thro' wars and waves  
Preserv'd the flame so vivid. Fate decrees  
(What I could wish Fate never had decreed)  
That the last comer carry off the prize,  
Meeting her earliest on the twelfth day's morn.  
A crowd of lovers shakes the faith of few,  
He shakes it who stands back and waits his hour.  
I hope she may not meet the better man  
Than her Ulysses : if she should so meet  
That better man, I would not he prevail."

Venus had listened to this wily speech  
Fearing lest strong commands might follow it,  
But when her father added nothing more

She fancied she could over-reach the wise  
And potent, and make Pallas feel her might.

No hesitation : thro' the air she flies,  
She stands before Penelope asleep,  
And thus, without awakening her.

“ The first  
In the twelfth morn who meets thee, shall be held  
By thee in love unbroken, and subdue  
Whatever enemy advances near.”

Close to the bed she goes, and there she stops,  
Admiring her own gifts : then to herself,  
“ If Paris had beheld thee . . but just then  
Thy husband took thee from the Spartan land . .  
I was wrong then . . I am much wiser now . .  
But, had he seen thee, he, his house, his realm,  
Had stil been safe ; no guest betraid, no wrath,  
By armure ript from heroes drag'd thro' dust,  
By temples sunk in ashes, by the wounds  
Of Gods, and even their bloodshed, unappeas'd.”  
Gazing once more ere vanishing, she said  
“ How beautiful ! how modest ! ”

When that morn

Advances, she repents the doom it brings,  
And fears him angry whom she little fear'd  
So gracious : now she wishes she may fail  
In what she most desired : she blames her power  
Of eloquence, to which Minerva's self  
Must yield a victory greater than the last.  
What should she do ? alas ! what had she done ?  
Unduteous wishes she would now unwish.  
Upon no land is rest for her ; no land  
Can hide, not all Idalia shade her guilt,  
Nor clouds of incense from a hundred shrines.  
To heaven, where only there is peace, she flies,  
Pity of Jove and pardon to implore.  
With placid brow he heard his daughter plead.  
Turning her eyes decorous from his face,  
Distantly first she stood, then cast herself  
Before his knees : he rais'd her and spake thus :  
“ Did not thy hand, my daughter, which of late  
Covered with cloud Anchises' son, and led  
To Africa, lead him whom thou hast blest,  
Ulysses ? for already hath he past  
His city-gate, unknown, and hath approacht

The queen, a welcome unexpected guest.  
See what your efforts, in a single day,  
Applied with such discretion, can achieve !  
Yea, I have granted . . if indeed thy power  
Hath any need of mine . . that lasting love  
Unite the brave and constant : but within  
Thy rule this lies, when Juno hath approved.  
Seldom with Juno art thou so agreed,  
And seldom hast thou sanction'd so her bonds.  
Behold what feats conjointly ye perform !  
I too, by somewhat, slightly may assist.  
Ulysses in the vigour of his youth  
(Rejoice with me) shall flourish, and shall crush  
All enemies he finds beneath his roof :  
Moreover (and in this with me rejoice)  
Beneath a calmer sky his day shall close."  
Astonisht at these words the Goddess wept  
Thro' very shame, and hated Pallas more.  
Ah ! we must now away from gentle Gods,  
The Muse forbidding us to look behind  
Or tarry longer. I would not decline  
To sing of shipwrecks, wanderings, battles fought

By one against so many, thro' the love  
He bore his wife, fought under her defence  
Who shatters with her ægis arms unchaste :  
For neither song hath fail'd me nor the blast  
Of trumpet. Harder is the task, and skill  
Greater, to take from age its weariness,  
To give slow years fresh movement, and bear up  
Sorrows when friends and household Gods are far.  
He must himself relate the larger part  
Of what befell him : audience will he find  
In Arpi ; there he hopes to close his life  
With Diomed, short as that life may be.

Thither he came, unknown ; and there he saw  
In a close valley near his narrow walls,  
Enjoying young men's games, the generous king.  
Pleas'd he lookt on awhile, then took his seat  
Among the elders, in the grass by holm  
Oershadow'd ; and there sate he til the stars  
Threw tremulous light among the dusky leaves  
And over was the contest : then the prince  
Distributed the prizes : when the last  
Had been awarded, the Dulichian chief



Bespake him thus, from full and throbbing heart.

“Glorious in war we knew thee ; now in peace  
Well hast thou garner'd up what best befits  
The armury of Mars against foul days,  
And Themis best in her old house protects.  
Few things are pleasant to my wearied eyes,  
But this is pleasant.

“I have given help  
Erewhile, and now I ask it : thou alone,  
O son of Tydeus ! hast deserv'd that Heaven  
To all thy wants and wishes should incline.”

He groan'd : more closely Diomed embraced  
That brave and faithful breast : he yearn'd to hear  
What had befallen him the Greek most Greek.

From a huge bowl he casts its crown away  
And pours out wine to Jupiter, then drinks  
And gives it to the guest, and kindly jeers  
His temperate draught, and bids the boys around  
Fill it again while it is yet half-full.  
The handmaids gather nigh : one brings the vase  
Smoking with water pure ; another (white  
From dewy meadow what herself had spun)

The soft long napkin ; many more are charged  
With baskets, such as Ceres smiles to see,  
Full of her gifts . . all anxious to behold  
That equal chieftain whom their master loved.  
From ash and pine high leaps the flame, to glad  
A guest beneath chill mountain shade received.  
Warm grew the heroes mid redundant bowls,  
And life-like boar, and black and ridgy hoof  
Announcing good old stag, and joke, the growth  
Of generous cheer : but moments there were yet  
When he of Ithaca could ill suppress  
A sigh, a groan . . thus with blithe voice reproved.

“ Do not too much lament that thou hast left  
The chaste Penelope : it griev'd thee less  
For Circe and Calypso, whom the gods  
Endowed with deathless beauty like their own.  
If cares which touch all mortals move thee so,  
And children, and that ill-persuading heed  
Of what is future or may never be,  
If thou hast lost Telemachus in fight  
Or wreckt at sea in seeking thee, my hills  
Will soon repair that loss, will soon rebuild

Thy house again : here virgin manners dwell  
In virgin bodies active fresh and firm.  
Tender are women in a tender age,  
The heart grows harder as the years advance.  
One thing is constant with them : never laid  
Is the dread specter of departed youth ;  
By day, by night, it rises in its pride ;  
And often wilt thou wonder, often grieve,  
To see the necklace of a smooth round neck  
From throat ferruginous hang thinly down.  
Even the scorpion in its early day  
Shows milky whiteness ; its pellucid breast  
Quivers with gentle fiber ; take it up,  
And its worst anger is quite innocent ;  
But thou wouldst shake it off thee when its arms  
Livid with venom varicate amain."

Ulysses smiled in silence ; to his mind  
Ægiale \* with Cyllabaros return'd.  
But Diomed continued, " What forbids  
That we should now be comrades, we whom Mars  
So soon united when we first bore arms ?

\* Ægiale, the adulterous wife of Diomed.

If this my house and this my realm were closed,  
Or not in common, to the man with whom  
Dangers were ever common, day and night,  
When, most successful prest the Phrygian foe,  
And the Gods lowered most angrily, because  
Of Venus wounded and their pride abased,  
I should be such a hoste as Polypheme  
Or Polymnestor, nor deserve thy stay.  
The aged Daunus bade the Hesperian hinds  
Obey my scepter : I engaged to guard  
Their cots and pastures with Ætolian arms :  
On these conditions I became their king.  
Hence the Salentine hills another race  
Now holds, and all those regions where once reign'd  
Iapyx, sprung of Dædalus.

“ In vain

From the Rutulian king came Venulus,  
Swelling with recent war, and bearing high  
His crest above its changes, to attract  
My arms across the mountains, on a foe  
Of other days, whose mother from my spear  
Protected him. I envy not the dower

Latinus gives him. That he merited  
Wide lands and royal bride even those confess  
Who seldom do confess another's worth.  
Yet fear I not the Dardan : far away  
From countries over which his scepter sways,  
We rear our castles upon rocks abrupt,  
That, none offending us, offending none,  
We may enjoy our own . . and unendower'd.  
Remote from us be war and cause for war ;  
And may that pious man his hands abstain,  
Nor fancy fate hath given him whate'er  
The plenteous fields of Italy produce,  
But, above all, stop short in his career  
Before it reach Messapius's domain,  
Bounding the lands of Daunus, our allie ;  
Else he may see the gift of Vulcan hang  
Against our temple-walls, and, vanquisht thrice,  
May only have the comfort to believe  
That, were even Hector living, he had fail'd.  
Much has he ; let him have it. Trojan spoil  
Procures for me the comforts of old-age :  
Let those who list remember what I was,

The proud invader what I am shall see.  
All I desire is to secure my throne  
And give my people few and equal laws.  
Nor does that people with ungrateful mind  
Repay my cares ; nor sterile is our glebe,  
Nor under influence of malignant star.  
If from Etolia far indeed remote,  
If far away Evenus paces slow  
Among rich pastures where the quoit sinks deep,  
At least Atrides sways no scepter here."

Then spake Ulysses.

" Whence, illustrious son  
Of Tydeus ! whence this hatred ? Of all Greeks  
Never was one more duteous to his chief ;  
A great man's no small praise ; may this be thine,  
And leave to weaker an indocile rage."

Then smiled the founder of the Arpine walls.  
" All things are bearable to him who rose  
In valour equal to the first in rank.  
Son of Laertes ! in those times I held  
My peace, thou knowest ; valour was enough  
For me ; worse men commanded. Do those men

Restore our kingdoms ? Are we not exiled  
From our own fields, from our own household Gods ?  
Did I petition ? askest thou ? Compel'd  
So far not even the exile is, whose shade  
Must wander under these Italian skies.  
To ask, is buying at too high a price.  
Let the spear bring me what is mine, or rest  
For ever ! Can men's prayers avail when men  
Themselves are nothing ! Should I try to move  
The lofty whom my name could never reach ?  
But, O thou sprung from Mercury ! when praise  
Descends from thee or any thy compeer,  
The lost I seek not, nor do things to come  
The present quiet of my soul disturb.

“ From Neritos a pinnacle had arrived  
And told us thou hadst to thy home return'd,  
And found there those who had bemoan'd thee lost,  
Sometimes in forein lands, sometimes (as dreams  
Or vague reports were prevalent) by death ;  
Told us not only that thy aged sire  
Thy boy and thy sweet partner thou hadst found,  
But overcome her suitors, slaying all.

Was it not pleasant to thee, looking on,  
To see the mistress and her maidens trip  
Away to hide the sable vests they wore,  
While there was time ; and the next morn to hear  
How warm and pressing the domestic siege,  
To hear the words and voices mockt so well ?  
It did amuse ; and now it should console.  
But tell me what good fortune (such is mine)  
Restores thee to me ? Has the wrath of Heaven,  
Or prepotence of Circe, been the cause  
Of this last absence from thy native land ? ”

With downcast eyes Ulysses thus replied.

“ She, if she could, would not have done me ill.  
She sprinkled my companions with her bane  
And changed their figures : me, than bane or spell  
More potent, love preserv'd. I am ashamed  
To own it . . one whole year . . by love, by hope,  
By all vain images her charms could raise . .  
The fair Persëis my frail heart enthal'd.  
Lost all the rest, one only ship, one wreck,  
Escaping from the Læstrigons, had reacht  
The fatal shore.



“ I yield to sleep my eyes

Weary with watching, rigid with the salt  
That hung upon them. In a dream I see  
Penelope : I know that golden hair  
Braided and bound as usual close behind,  
And that green tunic which the Dryads wear  
Following Diana thro' the sunny dew.  
I stretch my arms to clasp her ; she escapes  
The embrace ; not vanishing to empty air ;  
Her form, her voice, her gentle speech, remain.  
' Cease, O Ulysses ! cease at length to mourn  
My absence, my departure : none among  
The Achaian chiefs to happy homes return ;  
Another torch hath lit beloved wives,  
Children so cherisht roam in other lands ;  
But me, besought until my latest hour  
By many suitors, no new love hath toucht  
(Gods ! bear me witness ! ) nor untimely fate  
By Dian's dart oertaken me ; but grief  
Perpetual for thy loss, thy toils, thy woes,  
Thy wanderings over every land and sea,  
And rising over all, thy manly breast,

Thy beauteous image . . these, Ulysses ! these  
Wasted my youth, now mingled with the shades.  
Farewell, farewell ! enjoy this tranquil land  
Blest with eternal spring ; remember me ;  
But not too fondly, lest enjoyment cease.'

“ Again I rush to her embrace ; I wake.  
My eyes see nothing round me, now disturb'd  
By weeping, nothing but dark cypresses  
And lofty cedars over me, and spread  
Along the shore the thin-leav'd olive-tree,  
And, wet with tears, the turf whereon I slept.  
But somewhat like the presence of that dear  
Devoted head remain'd : the chamber-sound  
Of her sweet accents warbled in my ear,  
Her flower-like hair exhaled its odour stil.  
' Restore me, O Persephone ! ' I cried,  
' That fond, that faithful one ! Why intercept  
The coming years of the most beautiful,  
O house of Pluto ! gladden'd by no grace ?'

“ To these complainings evermore renew'd  
I added all that grief could add, and all  
That madness and impiety could urge.

“ Under this form the daughter of the Sun  
Deluded me, rejoicing in the groans  
Of spell-bound sleep, and wishing me to share  
Her bed for life. Time and assiduous love  
Softened my sorrow : but my hands and eyes  
Often I rais'd to Pallas, and implored  
She would not utterly abandon me,  
Unworthy, yet desirous to return  
Beneath her holy guidance. When the Nymph  
Found me devoted to appease that Power  
Which in the perils of uncertain war  
And on the Ionian and Sicilian sea  
Was alway present, she assumed her form  
And with her voice detain'd me, loth to part.  
No longer could Tritonia then endure.  
While I was praying that, since Heaven had will'd  
Penelope should leave me for the Shades  
And nought on earth so cherisht should be mine,  
I might in duty prop my father's age,  
Suddenly at this prayer from open skies  
In gorgon terrors came the Virgin down  
And stood before the guilty.

“ ‘ Thou hast dared,

And with impunity ’ the Goddess cried,

“ To simulate another : but to lift

Minerva’s helmet on a shameless brow,

Minerva’s ægis o’er a breast impure,

Themis and he who rules the Gods forbid.

Now then, since thou hast broken every bond

Whereby thou passest human life in years,

Tho’ I could justly mulct thee of them all,

Not one I take away from thee ; I leave

The number, stripping them of graceful youth

And giving helpless solitary age.’

She spake, and rose, and vanisht in the clouds.

The Nymph grew hideous ; her indignant voice

Lost its own likeness ; and, that nought remain

Of tender to compassionate, her tears

Were taken from her ; she could wail, not weep.

Cold, to the inmost chamber, is the air

Of the whole house ; still are the grots ; the birds

Are silent in the grove ; the shrivel’d vine

Drops from the tree, the ivy from the wall.

Stupefied at the sight, with faltering voice

I call upon the Goddess, now averse.  
Regardless, or forgetting me, not once  
Had that stern eye been bent on me, not once  
While she was nearer dared I lift up mine.

“ I leave the sadden'd shore, lone, helpless, wild  
From crowding thoughts. Accurst with guiltiness  
I knew not whither I should bend my way,  
But was resolved on going. Swift my step  
By the blood's tide, and thirsty was my tongue ;  
I sought the fountain ; its perennial source  
Shrank up before me, and where water flow'd  
Nothing was left but one dry black lagoon.  
What evils, thought I, had I not deserv'd !  
What punishment, that Rhadamanthus dooms  
Or Æacus, my ancestors to bear,  
Was not alike my due ? Such thoughts revolved  
In my sad breast ; but milder now succede,  
And tears, profusely running down, assuage  
The storm of grief, and nourish hopes again ;  
They buoy up distant Ithaca, they bring  
Before my eyes their fairest first delights,  
They bring Eurotas back to me, that stream

Which ran so lucidly along the field  
Of good Icarius ; I behold afresh  
The plighted hand, the overtaken bride,  
The cheek upon my shoulder, and the veil  
Which stil to Modesty the Spartan maids  
At the turf altar dedicate in song.  
Above all other thoughts that bride arose,  
Chaste, beauteous ; and Telemachus her son."

Diomed heard in silence all he said . .  
In silence . . not unmoved. As the clear steam  
Of wood, however season'd, hurts the eyes,  
He backt his seat and turn'd them just aside  
And drew his hand across them once or twice,  
Then, after short delay, nor late at night,  
Wisht placid slumber to his weary guest.

## SECOND PART.

At morn the Arpine youth with zeal prepare  
Nets, dogs, and whatsoever else the brave  
Delight to pass their time in : but at eve  
Again did Diomed entreat to hear  
(Be there no woman in them) more events.

“ Let Atlas’ daughter in sea-sounding woods  
Weep on ; and farewell Circe. Thy device  
With Polypheme hath shaken every side ;  
But tell us how, a shepherd as he was,  
Nor spent, like others of that race, his life  
In caves, nor struck from anvil all day long  
The sparkling splinters of resounding iron,  
How could his cruelty all theirs surpass ? ”

Ulysses answered.

“ Often I revolv’d  
That prodigy ; nor would Sicilia’s sons  
Explane it while he lived : when fear had ceast  
They told this story.

“ While his brothers, some  
Piped, and some danced, all revel’d, all drank deep,  
Polypheme wandered in wild solitudes,  
In easy meadow-land or green spring-corn  
Or Ætna’s flowery dells, where fancy chose.  
Aglauros led his sportive kids, his goats,  
Intractable, his kine, his mother ewes  
And lambs aside them, and their wether chief,  
Among the groves and fields : as seasons changed

These heard their placid shepherd, whom they lov'd  
For change of pasture, and could recognise  
His voice, however far ; and down they ran  
Trooping and stirring up a world of dust.  
The Cyclops laught at seeing it, and wisht  
To bring them in like manner to his call  
And make them sport about him ; so he gave  
A loud shrill whistle : herds and flocks ran off,  
And Polypheme was left with Polypheme.

“ Aglauros laught aloud. The Cyclops cried,  
‘ What ! with thy poisons, with thy eye, thy tongue,  
Withdrawest thou my lambs, and drivest thus  
My herds, as with a gadfly at the nose ? ’

“ Fear struck the youth : swift as the wind he ran  
To the sea-shore and hid him in its caves.  
But when the Cyclops found that neither flock  
Nor shepherd would return, he went to trace  
The footmarks ; unsuccessfully : he cast  
On his sire Neptune words of scorn, and jeer'd  
The trident, which had let the tide prevail  
And every print from under disappear.

“ Gentler of aspect soon, throughout the shore



He cries 'Return, Aglauros ! By the earth,  
The seas, the stars, I swear, and every God  
Above me and below ! fear not ; from harm  
Safe shalt thou be as thou hast ever been.'

"Whether he now began to trust in words  
All Gods were sworn by, whether hunger prest,  
On the fourth day crept out the wretched man.  
Now did the giant's bowels yearn with joy  
At once and trepitate with bursts of ire.  
'Behold the faithless shepherd who withdrew  
His master's flocks ! Thee never shall my loss  
Enrich. Go, seek the shore again ; go, find  
A deeper cavern, a more sure retreat.'

"Then was the giant seen to seize the youth  
In vain imploring ; seen to crush his cheeks  
With knotty pine ; tho' all who saw it ran,  
And only know, beside, that round his head  
Something was whirl'd, and then a far-off wave  
Opened, and closed, and whitened those around.

"The sheep came back the first, and last the kids,  
Long speculating from the highest crags  
And closest coverts : to those kids and sheep

Never came back Aglauros, never more  
Against the empty milk-pail struck his pipe  
At eventide, nor oped the wicker gate  
Under his hand to free the flock at morn.  
Lone, inaccessible, the Cyclops drove  
His brethren from him, drove the gentle Nymphs  
Napæan, who scarce ventured to approach  
In pity of his anguish : with loud shouts  
He frighten'd them away, and pelted sore  
With cedar cones the slim white backs they turn'd.  
Thro' teeth shut close he curses the whole sex,  
Calls them all malice, calls them all deceit,  
Then takes his reed, begins, breaks off, resumes  
A hoarse, a strident, an unripen'd song.  
When, whether heat or idleness impels,  
He plunges with loud plangor from a rock  
Or ancient turret on the sea below,  
And makes it quail and yield to him, up springs  
A griesly specter, and rolls underneath  
His heaving bosom, which surmounts the waves  
By half its bulk. The shapeless form casts back  
On the dense foam its dark dishevel'd hair ;

Nor can he seize it with his grasp, nor drag  
With hooked iron, nor with stones submerge,  
Nor crush it with his cypress staff, nor turn  
His eyes away from eyes as wildly fixt.  
He speaks ; he listens ; waits ; bends down an ear  
Now to the right, now to the left ; and hears  
Remurmur low deep sounds. The shapeless form  
Swells on the foam with dark dishevel'd hair ;  
Sometimes, as waving from it human aid  
Or imprecation of inhuman foe,  
Tosses its arm, circling the surge, reclined ;  
Sometimes, in power above life's power, erect.  
Not only in the daylight, but in sleep  
Rises that lurid image ; near, more near,  
It comes before the gasper's face, and all  
The giant's prowess one weak swing throws down.  
His whole vast breast flows o'er with bitterness,  
From what makes bad men worse, from solitude,  
Strength uncontrolable and passion spurn'd.  
This was (where Scylla and Charybdis rave)  
The direst vision of Sicilian seas.  
Be sure I quit not Sicily so griev'd

As quitting Circe. This I learnt of her ;  
Not to be caught with honied words by Nymphs  
Or toy with perils.

“ I retrieve a heart  
Mindful that pious love once dwelt within,  
And only tenderer for its last offence.  
Goddess, or woman goddess-like in form  
And blandly answering every care and thought,  
May touch us, and may draw us from ourselves,  
Yet always is there something we once had  
And have not now ; a void we pant to fill.

“ Minerva had admonisht me by night  
That a wide water yet remain'd to cross,  
And various toils beside ; Ogygia's groves,  
The evil pleasures of a vacant mind,  
The Sirens' rocks, the Sirens too themselves,  
Insults and wrongs at home, and other ills,  
Again departing, I must undergo.  
Who with Calypso knows not my sojourn ?  
For swiftly fly bad actions into fame ;  
The better follow slowly, and receive  
Unwelcome entrance to half-open ears.

“ With little pleasure the Trinacrian coast  
And Sirens I remember, and the song  
As my prow sounded passing thro’ their rocks,  
When they came forward and this voice was heard :

“ ‘ Ah ! whither art thou hastening ? Too severe  
Have been thy sufferings, O Laertes’ son,  
By sea and land ; too false have been thy joys,  
If joys they were. Behold our glebe ! behold  
Green here is winter, summer here is green,  
Nor Sirius burns nor Pleiad deluges  
Nor with sharp hailstones Eurus strips our vines,  
Nor waste the cattle with disease, nor crops  
With mildew. See ! how brightly shines our sun,  
And far from cities what calm lives we lead.’

“ But when they mark the sail flap past their song,  
‘ O ! land at least that thou mayst learn thy fate ’  
Cry all at once and spread their arms to heaven.  
I shudder : my companions are intent  
On catching more, and loath to turn the prow.  
We furl to hearken, and along the thwarts  
Sit silent : then upon the breeze is borne  
This one clear voice.

“ ‘ O thou, who dost contemn

The Sirens and their pleasures ! hasten home,  
Revisit wife and son : thy son . . mark this . .  
Shall be thy death.’

“ My knees sink under me.

Calypso had this very fate foretold  
In verse unvarying. Tears Calypso shed,  
The Siren sang it and her cheek was dry.  
And now Atlantia’s prophecy came home,  
Neglected while deliver’d. For we know  
The loving fear sad things when lovers part,  
And fancy one weak word may hold them back.  
She blusht not, even tho’ Mercury stood by,  
To waste her bloom with overflow of tears,  
Albeit he brought his mighty Sire’s command  
To hasten my return nor brook delay.  
Fainting, she thought of me ; she sob’d, and said  
My fate was harder than my faults deserv’d.

“ Compel’d then am I, wretched ! to foreknow  
Inevitable fate, fate so austere  
That no impiety could merit it,  
While from all other mortals their last hour

Soft shades and kindly darkness have conceal'd.  
What should I do ? and whither fly ? Again  
Implore the Goddess whose neglected will  
Was manifest ?

“ Again did she command :  
And now am I obedient. Go I will ;  
I will go home.

“ O powerfulest of Gods !  
Avert but this one evil from my house,  
From my Telemachus ! Long after me  
Grant he may live, and ever bear in mind  
What was his father . . at whose breast he hung . .  
And may his love and virtue equal hers !

“ I reach the rocks of Ithaca, the house  
Of old Laertes. Is he yet alive ?  
Lives yet that good old man ? Lives yet that wife  
So cherisht ? Lives that son whom neither threat  
Nor omen shall detain from my embrace,  
Telemachus ?

“ A street I enter, fill'd  
With joyous boys whose mothers were unborn  
When last I left it. While my eyes grow dim

By looking out for one of riper age,  
Lo, suddenly the Goddess ! She arrests  
My hurried step, beheld by me alone ;  
I turn ; she teaches what I must perform.

“ Deceived is he who thinks to find at home  
The close of his misfortunes. I was griev'd  
Now to dissemble ; but too great the need.  
I did dissemble when that faithful wife  
Wept in my presence my sure death, and askt  
About the man whom all men must have known,  
And whom I had confest to her I met  
When Troy was fallen, when the Achaian ships  
(Scatter'd by crime in Ajax) all were wreckt,  
And many perisht in the Euböic sea.

“ ‘ Ah ! ’tis no little ’ said she ‘ to have seen,  
And only seen, one ever dear, one torne  
From my sad youth, one so long hoped in vain.  
Until he come, if come he may, my house  
Shall cherish thee, and tend thy coming age.  
Thy strength is yet unshaken, but will want  
A thousand cares one weaker can supply.  
For our last days roll like the wintry flood



In rapid course away : at morn, at eve,  
We stand and wonder it has not gone down.  
No guest more welcome enters thro' our gate  
Than one who dares admonish evil minds  
How great, how brave, my husband is, how sure  
All their transgressions shortly to chastize.'

“ Fixt by her sorrowing constancy I stood.  
Open and dry an iron hardness held  
My eyes while she was speaking : to relax,  
To clasp her, Pallas and the Fates forbade :  
In the wide hall the bow must first be bent,  
The crowd of daring suitors swept away.  
I did indeed at that same hour expect  
The fatal weapon me too would transfix,  
And yet abstain'd I from admonishing  
My son about the prophecy, for fear  
That his first feat in arms might be less firm,  
Exhorting him however to avoid  
The too close columns, lest they intercept  
Or turn aside his arrow, when the wrongs  
Of sire and mother rouse his vengeful wrath.  
The Gods have been more gracious : stil I breathe,

Stil we breathe all : the foe alone breathes not.

“ Then what embraces, then what joys, were ours !

To Pallas, and to Juno, who preserves  
The marriage-torch, and to the sire of Gods,  
And to thee, Mavors ! brother and support  
Of Justice ! prayers we offer, incense burn.  
Nor was the altar cold, before my wife,  
Mindful how often to and fro her room  
She went to weave and to unweave the web,  
Suspended it to Herè. She return'd  
And, as Laertes sat enjoying all  
The bliss of sunshine, said to him

“ ‘ Forgive,

Dear father ! if thee also I deceiv'd,  
Looking each evening at the unravel'd work ;  
Forgive me if I keep it not to wrap  
Thy bones ! With better omens time enough  
Is there to weave another. May the Gods  
Grant me to work as hard and watch as long  
Before thou want it, blessed dear old man ! ’

“ Alas ! from what a wife (how brief the space !)

Destiny calls me ! Pious, brave, benign,

I found Telemachus, and loath to bear  
The scepter of his sire. I loved to see  
One so distrustful of his years, and one  
Who counted not his father's.

“ Can then youth  
Indeed be slow to seize the loosen'd reins ?  
Willingly less than whom the Gods forsake ?  
He was . . I led him where green pastures breath'd  
With oxen, horses, sheep ; where fruit mature  
Swel'd on the branches, and where yellow corn  
Droopt in luxuriant heaviness of ear,  
And said

“ ‘ Look round, Telemachus ! the fruit  
(Thinkest thou not ?) from storm and rain secure,  
Is fit to gather and the grain to reap.’

“ ‘ Let it be done ’ said he. ‘ I will return  
To-morrow for thy orders.’

“ I embrace  
The duteous youth, and add in graver voice,  
‘ No other is my life : it too hath borne  
Its storms, and now is ripened. They to whom  
All things must yield, the Gods above refuse

My day to close in Ithaca : I go :  
This little land is not enough for both,  
And there are others that require my care.'  
He stood in wonder : then he cast himself  
Before my knees, and cried. ' Is then my love  
So doubtful ? Must worse trial be endured ?  
Say, father ! tell me what thou threatenest.  
Can such be thy resolve ? We are secure  
Now those proud men are slain. Thy sire and thou  
Lived with one heart : the land was then enough  
For him and thee ; ah ! why not now for us ?  
A thousand animals thou seest around,  
Thou seest the city's flower successively  
Spring up : age sinks not at the rise of youth.  
Of all this people shall thy son alone,  
He who thro' barbarous lands and stormy seas  
Sought out his father, shall Telemachus,  
Soon as the prayer is heard, the blessing given,  
Be wanting to all duty, nor revere  
In that beloved father his grey hairs ?  
For this hath Pallas deign'd to guide my steps  
Or Jove to regulate my natal hour ?

Could he who from Olympus keeps his eye  
On guest and hoste, suppresses guilt conceal'd,  
Extinguishes guilt manifest, preserves  
Fathers . . himself the father of the Gods . .  
Could he, the Avenger, see such crimes start up  
Nor hurl his lightnings on the guilty head ? '

“ Farther he urges me ; until he hears  
All that the Siren and Calypso sang.  
Pale was his face ; to heaven his hands he rais'd  
And ‘ Milder be the omen ’ he exclaimed,  
‘ Than our fears render it ! Ye Gods above,  
Look on Ulysses ! spare him ! Too unblest  
Already, never let his house be like  
The house of Œdipus ! . . I go . . not thou.  
The little ile of Capri lies at peace  
Under the just Teleboans : ‘ Telon prunes  
The vines Sebetis planted : opposite,  
The Locrians plow : and farther to the north  
The seed of Amphiaraus takes its root  
Aside the falls of Anien. Let me haste  
To any of these regions . . now, alas !  
The more remote from native land, from thee,

Unhappy father ! and from all we love,  
To live the less unhappy. Every land  
Will show me many who have known thee great  
And glorious. Here Idomeneus commands,  
Sprung of Deucalion, leaving sons behind  
In distant Crete unwillingly : at hand  
Reigns he whom Troy most dreaded of the Greeks,  
Tydides, equal to the Gods in fight.  
Thither the bark which brought thee home again  
Shall take me speedily. Like one escaped  
From shipwreck, I will hold the altar's horn  
Imploring Zeus to mitigate thy doom,  
Until the doubtful omen be dissolv'd.'

“ ‘ What wouldst thou ? ’ I exclaim. ‘ Thou viewest  
things

With youthful eyes, and lookest out for light  
Where light ariseth not. Alas, my child !  
Little thou know'st how heedless are the safe,  
To kings how unacceptable a king  
Reduced to flight or sunk to poverty.  
The sun hates darkness, prosperous men hate woe.  
Comfort thy mother, guard thy people, son !

I, trusting in Minerva, will depart.'

" Thrown on the dust, he would have answer'd ; words  
Fail'd him, and tears dried up : his breast he smote,  
Imploring all the Gods that they would change  
What is unchangeable, with looks, with groans,  
With sobs, with supplications.

" I resist

More sternly. Then, in calmer voice and lower,  
But turning back his neck that what he felt  
Might be the better hidden, then said he,  
' The Gods have spoken when my father speaks.  
While he was absent, his return I hoped . .  
To hope was unforbidden . . now he goes  
Casting all hope away, condemns, abjures  
That piety which he and Heaven approved,  
No time, no fortune, can assuage my loss.'  
Silent and slow he follows to the house.  
But at what hour and in what words advise  
My wife of all I meditate ? My mind  
Long wavers. I determine to conceal  
The worst of ills forthcoming, and pretend  
I must consult Dodona's oracle,

There to propitiate Zeus the Hospitable  
For blood, tho' traitor's, shed beneath my roof.  
To see her credulous of words so false  
(Altho' I wisht it) gave my heart a pang  
Til then unfelt. I took her hand, and wept.  
This my fresh-springing grief her cheering voice  
Represt, and '*Soon return*' was all she said.  
Alas! in striving to escape a fault,  
A graver I committed. I deceiv'd  
Her who deceiv'd not me in word or thought ;  
Her I deserted who would follow me  
In life, in death, nor leave me in the Shades."

## THIRD PART.

After some days the vintage had been cull'd,  
Which now the rustics celebrate with song,  
Dance, merriment, jest, and sonorous laugh.  
Diomed their ancestral jokes enjoys  
From various wide-mouth'd formidable masks,  
Commending to his guest the inventive race  
That could devise such wonders. More inclined  
Was he to wander in a lonely path,



Where ancient pine-woods to the sloping sun  
Redden'd at eventide, or where the downs  
Were scattered over with low brakes, or where  
Garganus whiten'd with the Ionian wave.  
The pliant airs that well obey the lip  
And those that ivory tames with timely stroke  
Sooth'd and dissolv'd his sorrows for awhile,  
But, when they left him lonely, these return'd.

The leader of the Ætolians now perceiv'd  
That neither feast nor holiday avail'd,  
Nor hound nor horn nor battle won again,  
And that from converse, cup, and music's bath  
(Softener of care) he came out unrefresht.  
Wherefor a ship he order'd to set sail  
For Ithaca : there should Eurypylos  
Tell how Ulysses had once more embraced  
Tydides ; how he had been warn'd by Zeus  
To leave his country, give his son his place,  
And meet Penelope where house and home  
And regal honours Diomed prepared.

Soon as he reacht the harbour, in the shade  
Of Neritos which overhangs the town,

Eurypylos saw there a crowd stand round  
A youth ; nor was there any who ran down  
To hail the ship or moor it on the strand.  
Few things this youth seem'd saying, many more  
He askt, and to the elders bent his ear,  
Better their tremulous voices to receive.  
He stood : below him seated were the scribes  
On right and left, to seize and crush vague words  
That buz about Law's image, and to grave  
On brazen tablets what calm minds approved.

“ Ay ! here is something to delight thy heart,  
Ulysses ! ” said he ; for he knew by gest  
And feature 'twas Telemachus who spoke  
And with his father's wisdom ruled the land.  
Where dwells Penelope he now inquires.  
One from amid the people, with his hand  
Points to the place.

“ Lo ! yonder on the left,  
Above the little hill : hers is that house  
Which yon old pear-tree's shadow cuts across  
And where swells out the hillock from its root.”

There finds he, in the inner court retired,

Penelope. She knelt at prayer, that soon  
And prosperously her husband may return,  
And spend old-age, if but old-age, at home.  
Hearing that he was safe, she thought the Gods  
Had granted all her wishes : not, to leave  
The race that honored her, not peril, toil,  
Storm on the water, rocks along the coast,  
A stranger's house, a land exposed to war,  
Troubled her spirit ; not, of wing adverse,  
Iapys, fraught with wrecks and darkening heaven,  
Nor, pallid from eternal lightning-flash,  
Acrokeraunian thunder-rifted crags.  
And winter too drew nigh : from every tree  
The humid foliage o'er the grove was whirl'd  
And the waves shuddered under Auster's blast.  
The seventh morn had risen. Eurys, glad  
To follow Phœbus, breath'd his favoring gale,  
And ship and sailors of his native ile  
Telemachus with prudent zeal prepared.  
With his own hand he heapt upon the deck  
Cups, goblets, salvers (strange barbaric signs  
Engraven there, strange mystic arguments)

And, laid apart by frugal ancestors,  
Much unwrought gold. Slowly and loath the maids  
Folded the vestures of their parting queen ;  
Purple, to robe her husband, once their lord,  
And white, befitting both before the Gods.

Then did Penelope embrace her son  
Soothing him with her gladness.

“ Short the way ”

She said “ that separates thy sire and me,  
And safely dwells he in Hesperian fields :  
There mayest thou revisit, every year,  
Both parents, dearest son ! there every spring  
I shall look out to see its earliest flowers  
Fluttering, a little withered, on the mast.”

He groan'd, he prest her hand, he turn'd away,  
And went strait home.

Now swells the sail, the waves  
Plash louder and rise rougher up the prow,  
And now the sailors in their hymns implore  
The Gods presiding over winds and seas.  
The anxious wife looks forward : wave and wave  
In ceaseless chace advance. She looks behind :

On the hoar surface there the hills subside,  
And from the victim a thin smoke ascends.  
Then . . whether were it for the land she left,  
Or hope prefiguring the beloved man,  
Or her son's tender piety . . she wept.

Her mind grew calmer : rest, yet rest confused,  
Came stilly over her : the inverted sky  
Shining cerulean on cerulean sea,  
The lapsing pinnacle, the perpetual shower  
Of golden sun-drops on the rippling wave,  
Absorb'd her yielded eyes, no longer sad.  
Yet every hour she thought the pinnacle sail'd  
Slower and slower, the bright day advanced  
Less bright : and thus in sunny calm went three.  
Upon the third, Ulysses from the sands  
Descried a cloud grow whiter with a sail ;  
Nor long before a prow swells and descends ;  
Then level oars the river's course divide.  
Doubtful whence comes that vessel, many shores  
And many streams and wealthy marts arise  
Before his vision, with their chiefs and kings :  
Only one land escapes his mind ; that one

His own.

“ Perhaps tho’ (for the wind is fair)

It may have left Zacynthos : such the form

And such the colour of Zacynthan sails.”

At length he knew the master ; he was born

In little Asteris plow’d by shallow keels.

He knew and heard him nearer give command

To lower and furl the sail : but first he warn’d

The maidens to beware the cordage loost.

While as Ulysses pondered, at his side

There stood Eurypylos : in lighter skiff

He left the iland, and before the dawn

Arrived at home. From him the hero prest

To hear exactly all that had occur’d.

Royal impatience of long narrative

Confused it : and there presently was that

Which brake and scattered all . . Penelope.

Each ran to the embrace.

“ So swift of foot !

So girlish ! ” cried he. “ Verily I think

The Gods have given back thy youth again !

May . . since the past returns . . may Arpi give,

To show thee welcome, all Amyclai gave ! ”

And often too when later years advanced  
He sported thus ; nor knew the truth he spoke.  
To make her more contented with her change,  
He added, “ Sweet as were in other days  
Täygetos, and woods where pealing horn  
Challenged the hunter ; sweet beneath the cliffs  
Midsummer shade and shade-born moss, retreat  
Of maidens equal-aged ; yet nought beyond  
Regrets that all young hours leave after them  
Shall she experience who will tread henceforth  
Valleys more soft than all she trod before.  
Taburnus robed in roseate light serene  
Here meets majestic the setting sun ;  
Above his folds and swallow-nested roofs  
Oak-crown'd the ridges of Garganus rise,  
And clearest streams from their dark cooms descend.  
On stream like these swam Helen's golden hair,  
For stream like these her father swan left heaven.  
This is the land where thou art to behold,  
Born of the Gods, belov'd by them, a man  
Whom, if Ulysses, if thy son, be dear,

For-ever thou must venerate. By his arms  
Fell Ilion : Deities the most averse  
Turn'd round to strengthen him : and he alone  
Brought those he led to conquest safely home."

That man himself to greet them now advanced ;  
But, coming nearer, doubt perplexed his mind  
Whether he might extend a hand to one  
Upon whose brow sat majesty above  
The majesty of mortal, to whose step  
Modesty lent that quiet stateliness  
Which Pride, if Pride were wiser, might assume.  
He stops, and fixes on the earth his eyes.  
A Goddess seems before him : shield and spear  
He looks for : sees he Pallas ? How presume  
To question why the expected stays behind ?  
A rising sigh betrays the human breast.

" Penelope ! while thy Ulysses breathes "  
Cried he " this scepter while Tydides wields,  
And while the Father of the Gods and men  
Sets right and wrong apart, thy womanhood  
Never shall want the spear's true guardianship ;  
No need of ægis o'er a breast like thine."



A place there is upon that kingdom's verge  
O'er which the best of brave Ætolians reign'd,  
Near the sea-shore, but in a vale retired,  
Where smoke ascended from few cottage-roofs  
And the low copses round about ; there dwelt  
An ancient race in ancient piety ;  
And there Ulysses with the late restored  
Design'd to pass what had not past of life.  
And granted was the wish, on compact made  
That every year, on their departure's day,  
They should return and share the genial feast.

Italy now for many years had paus'd  
From war and discord : Fame, who follows war  
And discord eagerly, came well receiv'd  
By those who rested from them, with her tale  
Of each adventure to the heroes since ;  
And who had died, and how ; what better luck  
To those, the few, who breath'd in upper air ;  
Under what auspices Petilia grew ;  
Antenor's rising realm where loudly sounds  
Timavus ; the contested Latian bride ;  
The Alban range, and Tiber, on whose stream

Fate had decreed eternal walls should stand.  
Another name the winged Goddess loved  
To celebrate, one shining over earth,  
A name at which all women threw aside  
The spindle : ever wretched, ever true,  
Was he who bore it : Circe hoped in vain,  
In vain Calypso, to possess him, free  
From combat, free from converse with mankind,  
By seas and rocks enclosed and charms and spells.  
Certain it is that yet in Italy  
He lives, exempt from age and from disease,  
Whether by Circe's or Calypso's gift  
Uncertain, driven from his realm, receiv'd  
In Arpi, guest of Diomed his friend.

The day appointed for the yearly feast  
Of his reception, had recurr'd : the pair  
Enter, as wont, the gates of Diomed,  
And all around is royal pomp displaid.  
The whole house laughs with luxury ; the cheer  
Rejoices it, the bearers of the cheer ;  
It most is gladdened by its master's face.  
Thro' the wide courts and thro' the country round

The lyre and pipe sprinkle and strengthen song.  
Staid men warn off the noisier of the crowd  
Coming too near the wine-cup's froth and hiss  
And savory smoke from salvers. One alone  
Resisted. He entreated them to tell  
Ulysses that Telegonos was there.  
He urged ; he call'd him father . . nor miscall'd.  
After six moons had risen since the flight  
Of her beloved husband (thus she named  
Ulysses) Circe in her grot had borne  
This boy, and, ever mindful of the sire,  
Call'd him Telegonos, because his birth  
Had happened when Ulysses was afar.  
The men of Arpi and of Ithaca,  
As the youth presses forward, are alert  
In criminations, are alert in blows  
Against the impostor who would simulate  
Telemachus, but blundered in the name ;  
These, adding to repulse whate'er a love  
Of their young lord suggested ; those, whate'er  
Of coarse and bitter rustic life supplied  
And malice's contagion, swiftly spread

When the dense vulgar catches the disease.  
Who shall record the rabble ? who pronounce  
The barbarous names ? who care to know, if told ?  
So loud the clangour of hell's clasp<sup>ing</sup> lash .  
About their sides, 'tis hard to catch them all,  
But what are audible ye now shall hear.  
Gabalus, whence in Italy the name  
Of that accursed tree whereon he hung,  
Who kept the gold entrusted to his care ;  
Of pole fox-colored where pink baldness ceast,  
Gabbus, who bade escape the thief he caught,  
To share with him the spoil he bore away.  
Boethamus, bold in plunder, bold in wife,  
He, and his sea-spawn brothers ; and, of gait  
Countenance and demeanour brotherlike,  
A dismal sister, hired at funerals .  
To howl in verse the praises of the dead ;  
Following the father's footsteps all alike,  
Who, in proportion to the bribe, from Jove  
Or from Ixion traced a chief's descent.  
There also stretcht Orsilochos, who knew  
The names of horses, but Ulysses' name

He knew not. From the bench where he reclined  
Uprear'd a little, heavily he croakt,  
"What ! and shall we be standing here, and thou  
Be seated at the feast ? "

More eagerly  
Urges the youth, more ardently implores,  
Calling on Gods and men. Rule, country, son,  
Duteous, devoted, his Dulichian sire  
Again shall find, not exile. Whether shame  
Withheld him, or the Fates, no word said he  
Of Circe who had borne him. Staves and clubs  
Rattle around him : seamen, craftsmen, rush  
Upon one man, and that one man unarm'd.  
They close the gate against his issuing out :  
Nor would it have avail'd : but stones are cast,  
Sharp stakes protended. Inborn valour boils ;  
He catches up and hurls the weapons back,  
Wounded by many, sorely too assail'd  
By stinging scorn.

While arms are ringing round,  
Ulysses, hearing from within the noise,  
And that, whatever be the cause, a man

Of his was harrast by assaults and jeers,  
That stones were flying in the royal court,  
Blows were redoubling, death was breath'd, rusht out  
So insolent commotion to allay.

In Ithacan and Arpine, young and old,  
Clamour and violence, louder, fiercer, swel'd ;  
But with his eye, his hand, his voice, he checkt  
The foremost. One step farther (such respect  
All bore toward his dignity and age)  
An open way was made. Phædon, escaped  
From Apina, found room enough to dart  
Against Telegonos, a sharpen'd stake.  
Telegonos stoopt, seiz'd it, turn'd, pursued,  
And hurl'd it, as he mounted up the steps.  
Untrue the angry aim ! that pointed stake  
Transfixt the unknowing and unknown . . transfixt  
His father ! His knees totter : on the earth  
He falls : blood hisses from the gasping wound.  
All start with horror, never felt before,  
From blood now running thro' the garlands strown  
Along the ground ; a husband's, guest's, and king's.  
Lifting up once his eyes, heavy with death,

“ The Omnipotent hath heard my prayer ” said he,  
“ The appointed hour is come . . nor brings remorse  
To my Telemachus.” He turn’d his face  
Back on the hall, for thence he seem’d to hear  
Confusedly shrill voices, questions sharp.  
*Whose blood runs there ? Ulysses whither gone ?*  
He drew with failing hand the festal robe  
Above his head, and sank ; no word, no groan.

## XXX. SILENUS.

Silenus, when he led the Satyrs home,  
Young Satyrs, tender-hoof and ruddy-horn’d,  
With Bacchus equal-aged, sat down sometimes  
Where softer herbs invited, then releast  
From fawn-skin pouch a well-compacted pipe,  
And sprinkled song with wisdom.  
Some admired  
The graceful order of unequal reeds ;  
Others cared little for the melody  
Or what the melody’s deep bosom bore,  
And thought Silenus might have made them shine.

They whisper'd this : Silenus overheard,  
And mildly said " 'Twere easy : thus I did  
When I was youthful : older, I perceive  
No pleasure in the buzzes of the flies,  
Which like what *you* like, O my little ones ! "

Some fancied he reproved them, and stood still,  
Until they saw how grave the Satyr boys  
Were looking ; then one twicht an upright ear  
And one a tail recurv'd, or stroked it down.  
Audacious innocence ! A bolder cried  
" Sound us a song of war ; " a timider,  
" Tell us a story that will last til night. "

Silenus smiled on both, and thus replied.  
" Chromis hath sung fierce battles, swords of flame,  
Ethereal arrows wing'd with ostrich-plumes,  
Chariots of chrysolite and ruby reins,  
And horses champing pearls and quaffing blood.  
Mnasylos tells wide stories : day is short,  
Night shorter ; they thro months and years extend.  
When suns are warm, my children, let your hearts  
Beat, but not beat for battles ; when o'ercast,  
Mnasylos and his tepid fogs avoid.



“ I hear young voices near us ; they are sweet ;  
Go where they call you ; I am fain to rest ;  
Leave me, and ask for no more song to-day.”

### XXXI. REGENERATION.

We are what suns and winds and waters make us ;  
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills  
Fashion and win their nursing with their smiles.  
But where the land is dim from tyranny,  
There tiny pleasures occupy the place  
Of glories and of duties ; as the feet  
Of fabled faeries when the sun goes down  
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.  
Then Justice, call'd the Eternal One above,  
Is more inconstant than the buoyant form  
That burst into existence from the froth  
Of ever-varying ocean : what is best  
Then becomes worst ; what loveliest, most deformed.  
The heart is hardest in the softest climes,  
The passions flourish, the affections die.  
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,  
That fillest all the space between the seas,

Spreading from Venice's deserted courts  
To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,  
What lifts thee up ? what shakes thee ? 'tis the breath  
Of God. Awake, ye nations ! spring to life !  
Let the last work of his right-hand appear  
Fresh with his image, Man. Thou recreant slave  
That sittest afar off and helpest not,  
O thou degenerate Albion ! with what shame  
Do I survey thee, pushing forth the sponge  
At thy spear's length, in mockery at the thirst  
Of holy Freedom in his agony,  
And prompt and keen to pierce the wounded side !  
Must Italy then wholly rot away  
Amid her slime, before she germinate  
Into fresh vigour, into form again ?  
What thunder bursts upon mine ear ? some ile  
Hath surely risen from the gulphs profound,  
Eager to suck the sunshine from the breast  
Of beauteous Nature, and to catch the gale  
From golden Hermus and Melena's brow.  
A greater thing than ile, than continent,  
Than earth itself, than ocean circling earth,

Hath risen there ; regenerate Man hath risen.  
Generous old bard of Chios ! not that Jove  
Deprived thee in thy latter days of sight  
Would I complain, but that no higher theme  
Than a disdainful youth, a lawless king,  
A pestilence, a pyre, awoke thy song,  
When on the Chian coast, one javelin's throw  
From where thy tombstone, where thy cradle stood,  
Twice twenty self-devoted Greeks assail'd  
The naval host of Asia, at one blow  
Scatter'd it into air . . . and Greece was free . . . \*  
And ere these glories beam'd, thy day had closed.  
Let all that Elis ever saw, give way,  
All that Olympian Jove e'er smiled upon :  
The Marathonian columns never told  
A tale more glorious, never Salamis,  
Nor, faithful in the center of the false,  
Platea, nor Anthela, from whose mount  
Benignant Ceres wards the blessed Laws,  
And sees the Amphictyon dip his weary foot

\* Reduced now by the *Holy Alliance* into worse slavery than before.

In the warm streamlet of the strait below.\*  
Goddess ! altho' thy brow was never rear'd  
Among the powers that guarded or assail'd  
Perfidious Ilion, parricidal Thebes,  
Or other walls whose war-belt e'er inclosed  
Man's congregated crimes and vengeful pain,  
Yet hast thou toucht the extremes of grief and joy ;  
Grief upon Enna's mead and Hell's ascent,  
A solitary mother ; joy beyond,  
Far beyond, that thy woe in this thy fane :  
The tears were human, but the bliss divine.  
I, in the land of strangers, and deprest  
With sad and certain presage for my own,  
Exult at hope's fresh dayspring, tho afar,  
There where my youth was not unexercised  
By chiefs in willing war and faithful song :  
Shades as they were, they were not empty shades  
Whose bodies haunt our world and blear our sun,  
Obstruction worse than swamp and shapeless sands.  
Peace, praise, eternal gladness, to the souls

\* The Amphietyons met annually in the temple of Ceres near Anthela.

That, rising from the seas into the heavens,  
Have ransom'd first their country with their blood !  
O thou immortal Spartan ! at whose name  
The marble table sounds beneath my palms,  
Leonidas ! even thou wilt not disdain  
To mingle names august as these with thine ;  
Nor thou, twin-star of glory, thou whose rays  
Stream'd over Corinth on the double sea,  
Achaian and Saronic, whom the sons  
Of Syracuse, when Death removed thy light,  
Wept more than slavery ever made them weep,  
But shed (if gratitude is sweet) sweet tears ;  
The hand that then pour'd ashes o'er their heads  
Was loosen'd from its desperate chain by thee.  
What now can press mankind into one mass  
For Tyranny to tread the more secure ?  
From gold alone is drawn the guilty wire  
That Adulation trills : she mocks the tone  
Of Duty, Courage, Virtue, Piety,  
And under her sits Hope. O how unlike  
That graceful form in azure vest array'd,  
With brow serene, and eyes on heaven alone

In patience fixt, in fondness unobscured !  
What monsters coil beneath the spreading tree  
Of Despotism ! what wastes extend around !  
What poison floats upon the distant breeze !  
But who are those that cull and deal its fruit ?  
Creatures that shun the light and fear the shade,  
Bloated and fierce, Sleep's mien and Famine's cry  
Rise up again, rise in thy dignity,  
Dejected Man ! and scare this brood away.

THE END.

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